DESERT OF THE HEART

by

Natalie Cooper

Adapted from the novel

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by

Jane Rule

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Donna Deitch Producer/Director
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EXT. DAY. 1959. RENO TRAIN STATION.

CLOSEUP of an open train door and stepladder as the last flurry of PASSENGERS exit for the terminal. OS, the SOUNDTRACK is busy with the sounds of VOICES, luggage being unloaded, announcements coming through a platform loudspeaker, etc.

After the last PASSENGER comes down the stepladder, the CAMERA stays on the deserted train door. The lone figure of a WOMAN appears from the shadow of the car and stands at the door.

VIVIAN BELL, 35-years-old, wearing a seersucker suit, stockings and pumps, her hair tied loosely back in a chignon that accentuates high, wide cheekbones and almond shaped eyes, pauses in the doorway carrying her shoulder bag, briefcase, several books and a worn, leather writing portfolio. Her prim appearance is in contrast with her sensual face and figure. When Vivian comes down the stepladder, and into the sweltering sunlight on the platform, we see that she's wearing a touch of lipstick and a wedding band. Standing on the platform, she balances her load to reach into her bag and take out a pair of sunglasses.

The CAMERA pulls BACK as Vivian enters the terminal.

INT. TRAIN TERMINAL

From Vivian's POV we see the activity of arriving and departing PASSENGERS as they scurry after RED CAPS and mill about to the OS loudspeaker announcements.

Vivian sees a RED CAP coming towards her and smiles.

VIVIAN
(politely)
...I beg your pardon...

When the Red Cap keeps walking, Vivian takes off her sunglasses in embarrassment; she looks around uncomfortably at the frenetic scene, walks to the center of the terminal floor and, while others pass around her, Vivian stands perfectly still and dignified amid the acitivity. A young RED CAP approaches her; she smiles, says something and reaches into her bag for her baggage ticket.

EXT. TERMINAL

Waiting cars, cabs and stationwagons (from boarding houses, guest ranches and hotels) are lined up on both sides of the street and double-parked as PEOPLE and luggage are loaded.

Standing outside and holding a large, worn, laminated sign that reads: HI! I'M FRANCES is an attractive, short-haired, bleached blonde WOMAN in her 50's. FRANCES DEWITT is an ex-showgirl and her still-buxom figure is dressed in new-looking jeans, western shirt, neckerchief, boots and a pair of glasses on a chain around her neck. Standing with her is an elderly CAB DRIVER; the CAMERA moves in as we join their conversation.

CABBIE
All them fancy hotels goin' up in Vegas gonna make it worse yet for us.

FRANCES
...Last year this time, I was turnin' 'em away...only got three out there now.

CABBIE
Who you waitin' on?

FRANCES
(still looking for Vivian)
...Professor woman from back east.

Frances holds her sign up higher as the Cabbie grins, rocks back on his heels and spits down on the pavement.

CABBIE
She'll be one fish outta water around here.

The Cabbie laughs and Frances gives him a playful shove. Vivian comes through the front doors, followed by the young Red Cap with her bags.

FRANCES
(smiling)
...Professor Bell?

Vivian smiles back as Frances walks over, takes Vivian's brief-case and extends her hand.

VIVIAN
(shaking hands)
...Call me Vivian.

FRANCES
Welcome to Reno!
(to the Red Cap as she takes Vivian by the arm)
...I'm down the street, Quent.

As they begin walking along the busy pavement as OS MALE VOICE calls out.

MAN
Say, Frances!

Frances spins around and calls back.

FRANCES
Yo!

We see a MAN across the street, leaning on the roof of an old stationwagon, its panel logo reading: BURNETT'S BOARDING HOUSE. A lone FEMALE PASSENGER sits in the back seat.

MAN
(yelling out)
...We got space if you're filled up!

Frances gives the man a thumbs-down sign as she steers Vivian along.

FRANCES
...Well, now, you lookin' forward to some good desert livin'?

VIVIAN
(nervously)
Actually, I'm looking forward to getting out of these shoes.

Frances answers as she looks away to wave at several PEOPLE she knows.

FRANCES
Oh, it's awful when your dogs hurt.

VIVIAN
That's the kindest thing anyone's said to me in three days.

They both laugh as they approach the stationwagon. On the roof is a sandwich-board sign:

DEWITT GUEST RANCH
WESTERN HOSPITALITY 24 HOURS A DAY
YOUR HOSTS
FRANCES DEWITT & SON

FRANCES
(tossing keys to Red Cap)
How long were you married, honey?

VIVIAN
(awkwardly as she reaches for her wallet)
...Twelve years...

Frances is more concerned with Vivian's reaching for her wallet than what she's said. She puts her hand over Vivian's as she pulls out a silver dollar from her back pocket.

FRANCES
(proudly)
We handle all gratuities.

Frances tosses the Red Cap the silver dollar; he tosses her the car keys.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(as she gets into the car)
That's the lucky one!

RED CAP
Sure coulda used it last night!

Frances laughs and starts the engine; the Red Cap tips his hat to Vivian.

RED CAP (Cont'd)
See you in six weeks, ma'am.

INT. STATIONWAGON

Vivian watches him go as she slips off her shoes and drops her head back on the seat.

Frances speaks as she maneuvers out of the parking space to join the slow procession of traffic.

FRANCES
...Think you might try a bit of gamblin' while you're here?

VIVIAN
(with a little incongruous laugh)
Not if I can help it.

FRANCES
(waving to more PEOPLE out the window)
...Soon as we're out of this clatter, you can tell me all about yourself.

Vivian closes her eyes and smiles to herself.

INT. STATIONWAGON

Frances drives along Reno's Strip; her elbow propped on the door frame, her hand up on the roof. As she prattles on, we see the passing hotels, casinos, TOURISTS, wedding chapels, etc.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(gesturing)
...Years ago I was a dancer in that hotel. Better believe I have a few stories to tell!
...Got any kids?

VIVIAN
We were a professional couple.

FRANCES
Oh... The man I loved was married, but I had my boy with him...come out of it with somethin', you know...
Glen went with a heart attack at forty-one...he was an attorney and handsome as the day was long...
(after waving hello to someone)
His daughter's been with me since the mother up and left, so I practically raised her.

Vivian is hot, tired and hoping Frances will stop talking.

VIVIAN
Do you mind if I smoke?

FRANCES
Be my guest!

As Vivian gets her cigarettes and lights up, Frances points to the MAPE'S CASINO.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
...She works over there at the Mape's.

Vivian doesn't bother to look; she takes a long drag on her cigarette and dabs a hankie against her perspiring face.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
...She's got Glen's wild streak runnin' right through her...it's like dealin' in the same mental department.

VIVIAN
(musing out the window)
...A Chekovian family...

FRANCES
(without a clue)
...More or less...

Frances is silent as she ponders what "Chekovian" means. Vivian smiles to herself, glad for the silence.

INT. STATIONWAGON

Frances and Vivian drive along the desert highway; Vivian has put on her sunglasses.

VIVIAN
(looking out the side window)
...I've always lived in a city.
(turning to Frances, with a smile)
...I may feel lost in all this space.

FRANCES
(boasting)
I think of it as God's backyard ...cleans up all the impurities.

Frances' expression becomes taut; from her POV, we see a car speeding down the opposite lane towards the stationwagon.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
...Oh, brother...

The car speeds past the stationwagon with its radio blaring. OS, tires screech to a stop as the car is thrown into reverse.

Vivian turns to look past a purse-lipped Frances. Through the side window, we see the car back up to the traveling station-wagon; Frances slows down a bit but keeps driving as the other car keeps abreast but in reverse.

CAY RIVVERS is behind the wheel; she's in her mid-20's; black hair, animated features and an impish, brazen quality. She's wearing a red and black sequined western shirt and matching neckerchief. As she drives in reverse, she's devouring a donut.

CAY
(yelling to Frances)
...I only went to sleep two hours ago! They need me for the day shift!

Cay cocks her head to get a better look at Vivian, who looks from Cay to Frances perplexed.

FRANCES
(watching the road)
You be home for dinner?

CAY
Haven't planned that far ahead.

Cay laughs at Frances' displeasure.

FRANCES
(still looking straight ahead)
Professor Bell.
(half-turning to Vivian)
Cay Rivvers.

Vivian takes off her sunglasses and leans forward to look at Cay.

VIVIAN
(calling out)
How do you do!

Cay laughs and bobs her head with a shrug, which makes her car veer closer to the stationwagon.

CAY
...Ooops!

Frances tries to act unconcerned; Vivian sits back in her seat as though nervously awaiting a collision.

CAY (Cont'd)
(teasingly)
...Can I call you professor?

Vivian takes the challenge, leans forward and looks at Cay through the side window.

VIVIAN
...Vivian!

Cay grins back; OS we hear the distant sound of a blaring horn as another car speeds up in the lane behind Cay.

Vivian braces herself and cluthes her belongings as she watches the oncoming car in alarm.

FRANCES
(yelling out)
Put that damn car in drive!

Cay stuffs the last of the donut into her mouth, slams the car into drive and screeches off.

INT. STATIONWAGON

Vivian lets out an incredulous sigh of relief as she leans back.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
...Three guesses who that was!

A CLOSEUP of Vivian as she turns out the side window.

VIVIAN
...You didn't exaggerate your description of her.

EXT. DAY. DEWITT GUEST RANCH

Frances drives through the gates.

INT. STATIONWAGON

From Vivian's POV, we see a two-story house with wraparound veranda; stables and two small cottages.

Outside the stable, we see the following CHARACTERS getting ready to go riding: JERRY: mid-40's, beefy, wearing a toupee and brand new riding clothes; LUCILLE: late 30's, zoftig with dyed red beehive hairdo and wearing a too-tight western outfit; PAT: late 20's, a slim blonde, wearing expensive jodphurs, shirt and boots and looking morose; BUM: early 30's, a wiry hired hand, dressed in old jeans and shirt as he helps Lucille up into her saddle. Lucille leans down, holds onto Bum's collar and plants a big kiss on his lips; Jerry turns on his horse towards the stationwagon.

He pretends to know how to ride better than he can.

FRANCES
...That's Jerry...and not born to ride...

Jerry's all curiosity as is Lucille, who looks over her shoulder to see who's in the car.

VIVIAN
(quickly to Frances)
I don't want to meet anyone for a while.

Frances nods in understanding and pats Vivian's knee.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE

Frances parks and gets out with Vivian.

FRANCES
(yelling towards the house)
Walter! We're here!

Jerry tries to keep his horse under control as he checks out Vivian who smiles faintly back.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(coming around from opening the back loading door)
Jerry Cromer! Meet...

Before Frances can introduce Vivian as "Professor," Vivian boldly steps up to Jerry and extends her hand.

VIVIAN
Vivian Bell. How do you do!

JERRY
(shaking hands)
Hi, fellow-hostage! Where you from?

VIVIAN
(stepping back)
...New York.

JERRY
Come on and ride with us.

FRANCES
(taking Vivian by the arm)
No Sir! She's goin upstairs for a lie-down.

Jerry calls out as Frances leads Vivian up the front steps.

JERRY
...Catch you alligators later!

Jerry turns back towards the others; WALTER comes through the screen door. He's a tall, handsome sixteen-year-old with an Elvis Presley look: rayon shirt with tightly-rolled up sleeves; pegged pants; his dark hair is carefully combed in a high pompadour.

OS, from inside the house, we hear an Elvis record playing.

FRANCES
(proudly)
Walter. Shake hands with Professor Vivian!

WALTER
(shaking hands with Vivian)
...Wow...
(grinning)
You're younger than I expected.

VIVIAN
(already liking Walter)
I'm not sure that's a compliment, Walter, but thank you.

They all laugh as Frances holds open the door for Vivian; Walter goes down the steps to get her bags.

INT. HOUSE ENTRY

Frances speaks as she follows behind Vivian.

FRANCES
(calling over her shoulder to Walter)
Turn that music down when you come in!

INT. VIVIAN'S ROOM

From her POV in the doorway we see: a large pleasant room with maple bed, chintz coverlet and curtains on windows that look

(MORE)

out at the desert and mountains; a night table, lamp, small desk, easy chair and hooked rug. Several framed prints of the desert, a mirror and small shelf with some books are placed about the walls.

Vivian sinks wearily down on the edge of the bed as Walter puts down the luggage.

WALTER
...Bathroom's down the hall.

Vivian nods in acknowledgement.

WALTER (Cont'd)
(ambling towards the door)
...What do you teach?

VIVIAN
(letting her things drop on to the bed)
...I teach English literature at Columbia University.

WALTER
(pausing in the doorway with a smile)
116th Street and Broadway, New York, New York.

Vivian looks up at him in surprise.

Walter grins, knowing that Vivian's impressed; he steps into the hall and before closing the door, leans back in.

WALTER (Cont'd)
(jokingly)
I know you'd like me to hang around and, uh, give you a history of the ranch...

VIVIAN
(appreciating his humor)
How did you guess?

Walter steps back and pulls the door closed; OS we hear the music go off; Vivian kicks off her shoes and collapses back on the bed. She lifts up her hand and spreads her fingers to stare at her wedding band.

After a few beats, she slips it off and puts it on the night table.

INT. MAPE'S CASINO - EMPLOYEES' LOCKER ROOM

A CLOSEUP of Cay, straddling a bench between two rows of lockers. While several other EMPLOYEES do business at their lockers, Cay is hunched forward on the bench, sketching an abstract shape in a tablet. She's wearing the shirt we saw her in, black western pants and boots.

We see a pair of western-shirted arms go around Cay's waist from behind and pull her up; we hear an OS FEMALE VOICE begin singing as Cay grins without turning to see who's holding her.

SILVER
(softly)
...Come-a ti-yi yippee...
yippee-i...yippee-ay...

Silver's arms tighten around Cay and sway her.

The CAMERA pulls back to show SILVER, straddling the bench behind Cay. Silver is six feet tall, a thin, platinum-blonde (with a bit of dark root showing), wearing heavy makeup, earrings and similar work clothes.

SILVER (Cont'd)
(in Cay's ear)
...Guess what, baby girl?

CAY
(teasingly)
...You grew another inch...

SILVER
...Wrong...

Silver lifts her hand and from her and Cay's POV, we see an engagement ring on her finger.

SILVER (Cont'd)
(as she lifts it)
...I'm engaged...

Cay grins and takes Silver's hand.

CAY
(pleased)
Well, ain't that a pretty sight.

SILVER
Careful it don't blind ya now.

Cay looks at Silver over her shoulder; Silver gives Cay a long, puckered kiss on the lips. She moves back, throws one leg over the bench and stands up proudly.

SILVER (Cont'd)
(with her hands on her hips)
...And I'm not pregnant, either!

Cay speaks as Silver goes to her locker to put away her huge brown and white cowskin bag. She walks in a way to conceal a slight limp.

CAY
(with a suspicious grin)
Come on, Silver. Why else would you give up bein' free?

Silver speaks as she brings a jar of hand cream back and straddles the bench to face Cay.

SILVER
'Cause I don't have the nerve to face one more twenty-ninth birthday, that's why.

Silver opens the jar and begins massaging in the cream.

CAY
(beaming)
I think it's swell.

SILVER
Joe wants us to grow old together ...at least we won't have long to wait.

Cay laughs and throws her arms around Silver's neck.

CAY
You're all he wants, you loveable thing!

They smile at each other; Cay takes her arms down and Silver takes a big gob of cream, massaging her hands with Cay's.

SILVER
You're my best pal, darlin' and now that I'm about to become respectable...
(grinning at Cay)
I can say that many's the time I wanted to take a big bite outta you.

CAY
(sweetly)
We've done good without the extra, Sil.

SILVER
...We could settle down together ...with husbands if you'd let Darrell put you on a pedestal like he wants.

CAY
(trying to take her hands away)
Don't you know by now that it doesn't happen with Darrell...

Silver lets Cay take her hands back.

CAY (Cont'd)
...It's no favor to anybody to fake it, Sil.

SILVER
And I'm getting tired of defendin' your reputation.

Cay stands up, waits a few beats and then starts for her locker; she hesitates at the door, then turns and comes back.

CAY
...I'm used to the talk behind my back. I got no choice...but if you didn't accept who I am, that would really make it tough.

Silver looks up at Cay and hooks her fingers in Cay's belt as she speaks.

SILVER
...Hey...you're the best...and all the best know it.

Cay puts her hands over Silver's; Silver gives Cay a playful shove as she stands and they both walk to their lockers.

INT. VIVIAN'S ROOM

Vivian has taken a shower; she sits on the edge of the bed and cocks her head to read the book titles on a shelf. From her POV, we see:

POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING
YOU CAN SURVIVE AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION
THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT
BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN: LIFE IS WORTH LIVING
THE BIBLE

As she reads, we hear the OS VOICES of the OTHERS returning from their ride.

Vivian stands up, walks past the window to see Lucille giggling as she tries to edge her horse against Bum's; Jerry, trying to keep his from rearing up; Pat riding behind the others with a morose expression.

Vivian, after a brief glance, wanders to the desk and picks up several blank post cards. From her POV, we see:

A color photo of the ranch in its heyday;
Reno's gambling strip;
A vivid color shot of an A-bomb explosion, its logo reading:
"HAVING A BLAST IN RENO"

Vivian drops the cards onto the desk; the OS voices and laughter continue as Vivian sinks down in the easy chair and folds her arms.

VIVIAN
(with a dead-pan murmur)
...Why didn't I stay at a hotel?

INT. MAPE'S CASINO

CLOSEUP of two red-lacquered doors; they swing open and we see EMPLOYEES coming up from stairs behind them to start their shift on the casino floor.

To the OS sounds of the noisy casino, we see Cay and Silver passing with other EMPLOYEES past the CAMERA. The minute the bright casino lights hit them, their expressions become animated, shot through with adrenalin.

An OVERHEAD FULL SHOT of the floor shows GAMBLERS at crap tables, slot machines, feeding their coins in a mile-a-minute while they have free drinks and smoke; COCKTAIL WAITRESSES rushing about with trays for signaling GAMBLERS; DEALERS cooly operating their tables; Cay is wearing a change apron as she starts circulating up and down the slot machine aisles; Silver takes her position at the crap table where she's Pit Boss.

Under the hot lights and garish colors, Cay moves about like a performer expertly handling her job.

Off to the one side of the casino is a small dance lounge. Over the din, we hear a record begin: CHUCK BERRY'S "JOHNNY B. GOODE."

Hearing the music, Silver catches Cay's eye across the room and does a little dance step. Cay responds by stopping in the middle of the floor and doing a dance step of her own for Silver.

Laughing, Cay spins around and almost topples into a middle-aged MAN in a wheelchair; plastic intravenous tubes are attached to a pole holding two bottles of liquids. A drink and ashtray sit on a small side tray attached to one arm of the chair.

Cay puts her hands on his arm in apology as a woman pushes him on to a two-dollar blackjack table.

INT. EARLY EVENING - RANCH DINING ROOM

The end of the dinner meal. Frances sits at the head of the table; Vivian, Walter and Jerry sit to her right; Pat, Lucille and Bum to her left.

While Jerry expounds, Lucille is enjoying some hand-business under the table with Bum; Pat sits morosely, sipping her drink; Vivian is longing to get to her room; Walter is still eating; Frances is the only one giving Jerry full attention.

JERRY
...You can get one of those fox-hole jobs as low as thirteen-fifty, and I've seen them bought!

FRANCES
...Without bein' too personal... what'd yours cost?

JERRY
Thirty-five hundred big ones! But it's got everything: telephone, Geiger counter...the works.
(grinning)
Unfortunately, my wife got it as part of the settlement... Not that she needs it. Paulette could catch the damn bomb and throw it right back to the Reds!

VIVIAN
Didn't we drop the bomb?

JERRY
(pointedly)
If we hadn't you'd be eating sukiyaki now instead of chicken fried steak.

BUM
(in a slow, humorous drawl)
I'm a get me a carton of Pall Mall's, a pint of Calvert's... watch the end of the world for under ten bucks.

PAT
(staring at Vivian)
...Life doesn't need any of us.

WALTER
(jokingly)
Neither did the Koreans...

FRANCES
That'll do, Walter. No politics at my table.

JERRY
(needing to get in the last word)
Be grateful your generation won't have to go over.

Walter wants to answer but Frances' angry stare prevents him. Vivian senses his frustration and in a gesture of understanding, drapes her arm casually across the top of his chair, letting her hand drop near his shoulder.

LUCILLE
This conversation's for the birds!

FRANCES
How 'bout blueberry cobbler then?

LUCILLE
(patting her girdled stomach as she gets up)
I don't want to fall off my diet.

On her way out, Lucille walks past Walter, roughly tousling his hair. Walter ducks and reaches for his comb.

LUCILLE (Cont'd)
...Oooh, these young boys with their full heads of hair.

Lucille puts her arm through Bum's.

LUCILLE (Cont'd)
(over her shoulder)
...See you kids later!

BUM
(as they go)
If you don't see us first!

Lucille laughs as though that's the funniest, and exits.

WALTER
(murmuring after they leave)
...Lady Chatterly lives...

Vivian throws back her head and laughs.

VIVIAN
...Walter, you're marvelous!

Walter grins in embarrassment.

FRANCES
If he's so marvelous, ask him why he turned down a perfectly good scholarship right in his own home town?

VIVIAN
(grinning at Walter)
Why did you turn down a perfectly good...

FRANCES
(cutting her off)
His sister put it in his head to go east!

JERRY
Thank God for small favors.. I only have girls.

PAT
(cooly)
So much for us...

OS, we hear a car screech to a stop outside the house.

FRANCES
(folding her arms)
Uh oh...

WALTER
(to Vivian)
Wait'll you meet Cay!

VIVIAN
(her casualness
shifting)
I have...

We see Cay appear in the dining-room doorway.

She's dressed in a red, skin-tight western jumpsuit and white boots.

FRANCES
...You comin' or goin'?

CAY
(on her way to
Walter)
Hell if I know!

Walter and Cay kiss hello.

JERRY
Don't I get one?

Cay leans her cheek down and lets Jerry give her a kiss as she steals a look at Vivian.

CAY
(extending her
hand)
...You look different up close.

VIVIAN
(reaching around to
shake hands)
...You were seeing me in reverse.

Cay takes an appreciative beat, lets go of Vivian's hand and then walks around to Frances' chair.

CAY
(posing)
...Like my new outfit?

FRANCES
(checking Cay out)
I wouldn't stand too long on a street corner in it.

Cay laughs, leans her hand on the back of Pat's chair and addresses Vivian.

CAY
Doncha love people who say a hundred words when one'll do?

Vivian smiles sensing that Cay isn't so tough after all.

FRANCES
Won't be so funny when you're fifty and single.

With that, Cay suddenly leaps onto Frances' lap and straddles her. As Cay speaks teasingly to her, Frances gives her mock angry shoves off and tells her to "git."

CAY
I got news, Frances! Won't be funny bein' fifty and anything!

FRANCES
Get up and let me get dessert!

Cay and Frances stand up; Frances takes some plates into the kitchen.

FRANCES (Cont'd)(OS)
...Clear the table, Walter.

Walter tets up, takes some plates and playfully bumps against Cay on his way into the kitchen.

Cay sits down in Lucille's chair and leans across to Pat, aware that Vivian's watching.

CAY
(sweetly)
...Need anything from town, Pat?

PAT
(ruefully)
...Not until tomorrow...

Cay rubs Pat's arm for a few beats as Jerry turns to Vivian.

JERRY
...Let's look at the moon after dessert.

VIVIAN
(amused, tapping her ash in the tray)
...I've seen the moon, Jerry.

JERRY
Afraid I'll turn into a wolf?

VIVIAN
(standing up)
...Or a fool.

Cay stands up smiling and disappears into the living room. Vivian stubs out her cigarette as she stands. OS, we hear Cay at the ill-tuned piano begin playing (and not well) "LOVE IS A MANY SPENDLORED THING."

Jerry feels put down, but shrugs as though it doesn't matter. Vivian leaves the table as Pat grins and holds out her arm without looking up.

Looking straight ahead as she passes behind Pat's chair, Vivian slides her fingers across Pat's arm and hand.

As Cay continues to play the piano, Vivian walks through the doorway to the hall; when she starts up the stairs, she gives a weary shake of her head at the scene she's leaving.

INT. NIGHT - RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN

The only light comes from the open refrigerator door as we see Cay looking through the shelves.

OS, footsteps are heard padding along the hall. Cay straightens up and turns to see Vivian, wearing her robe and glasses, standing a little startled in the doorway. They speak in low voices.

VIVIAN
(entering the kitchen)
...I wanted a cup of tea.

CAY
(a little unsure of what to say)
...Great...
(back to the shelves)
I'm starvin'...

Vivian looks through cabinets for the tea; Cay takes a beat, then goes to get the tea for Vivian, who murmurs a thank-you.

Cay returns to the refrigerator; Vivian turns on the gas, fills a kettle with water and puts it on the stove; she stands with her arms folded staring at the flame. Their awkward awareness of each other creates a tension. Cay hears Vivian searching through another cabinet.

VIVIAN
(clearing her throat)
...Is there any honey?

Cay puts some food back on the shelf and goes to get a jar of honey, speaking as she hands it to Vivian.

CAY
...Can't you sleep?

VIVIAN
Too many thoughts for that.

CAY
(going back to the refrigerator)
...Hard to get away from yourself sometimes.

VIVIAN
(over her shoulder)
...Do you accept insights as easily as you give them?

Cay answers as she puts some food on the table.

CAY
Try me.

Vivian speaks as Cay turns back into the refrigerator.

VIVIAN
...I think your devilish behavior prevents people from knowing what's genuine in you.

Cay pushes the refrigerator door closed.

CAY
Doesn't your high-mindedness do the same for you?

VIVIAN
(turning away to fix her tea)
...This exchange is serving no purpose.

CAY
Maybe it's a warning.

VIVIAN
By the way...how old are you?

Cay takes a beat, not wanting to answer defensively.

OS a loud noise is heard coming from a room behind the kitchen. Vivian looks quickly around to Cay, who ambles to the doorway and hits the light switch.

CAY
(her back to Vivian)
...Old enough to put the lights on...

Cay disappears around the hall, leaving Vivian standing alone under the harsh overhead light.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Cay sees a light under Frances' door. She opens it and from her POV we see:

A large room with knotty pine walls and beamed ceiling; a heavy, oak fourposter bed; cracked leather easy chairs; mounted antique guns, antlers, an oil portrait of GLEN and an old hotel show's poster (featuring Frances' name) line the walls.

Glen's collection of pipe stands are on an oak dresser.

Frances, wearing an over-sized pair of Glen's pajamas, lurches as she bends over to pick up the broken pieces of an antique wash basin.

An old, silver whiskey flask sits on the nighttable beside the bed.

Hearing Cay open the door, Frances stands up and turns to her with drunken, slurred speech.

FRANCES
...Come to tuck me in?

Cay enters, closes the door and takes Frances by the arm away from the broken glass.

CAY
(bothered by her scene with Vivian)
Yeah. Get in bed.

Frances speaks as she plops on the edge of the bed.

FRANCES
...Who's in the kitchen?

Cay answers as she gathers the glass in a pile.

CAY
...Lucille...

FRANCES
(falling back on the bed)
...Felt a migraine comin' on.

CAY
You're wearin' that one out, Frances.

FRANCES
(holding out her hand and looking up at Cay)
...Things are fallin' apart.

Cay takes Frances' hand and speaks as she sits down on the bed.

CAY
(with soothing confidence)
...It's the middle of the night ...they'll be back together by mornin'...

FRANCES
...Stay with me.

CAY
Somebody's waiting in the cottage.

FRANCES
(pulling her hand away)
Oh, poosh...always somebody waitin' in the cottage!

Frances lays her arm across her eyes; Cay picks up Frances' leg and puts it on the bed; she pulls up the covers and stands over Frances, who's ignoring her. Cay decides to stay a few minutes; she crawls over Frances and lies on her side propped up on her elbow.

CAY
...What's falling apart?

FRANCES
The ranch for one...the way business is goin' I can't hang on much longer.
(turning to Cay with a smile)
...'Member the good old days?

CAY
I sure do.

Frances gives a little, bitter chuckle and turns away.

FRANCES
Now, Walter's gonna march off on me...

CAY
(gently)
Well, shoot, you want him livin' here 'til he's sixty-three?

FRANCES
...Wouldn't mind.

They both chuckle; Frances throws her arm around Cay's neck and pulls her down so that Cay's cheek is on her chest.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(with a little spunk)
That leaves you, and you're one hell of a character to depend on.

CAY
I haven't gone yet.

FRANCES
...If I do sell...get a little place somewhere...
(playing with Cay's hair)
could we stay a team?

CAY
(grinning)
Can you really picture us in two rooms?

FRANCES
(giving a little slap to the side of Cay's head)
It'd be bigger than that!

Cay pulls back and sits up to look down on Frances, who suddenly looks weary and old.

Frances picks a piece of lint from Cay's sleeve and then absently gives little tugs to Cay's shirt.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
Somethin' keeps us together.

CAY
Two of us are good at playin' those old tunes over and over.
(as though to a child)
I want you to be my mother. You want me to be your little girl... And this place keeps us together, 'cause my father's still here. It's got its points...but it ain't real...

Frances doesn't want to repond to Cay's honest words.

FRANCES
(tapping Cay's leg)
...What you do in that cottage is pure art. I may not have encouraged you in that direction, but I'll tell you this much: you live with me and you can quit the casino and further your art studies.

CAY
...I gotta go... Go to sleep.

FRANCES
(as Cay climbs out of the bed)
...I'll go to sleep if you promise to think about my offer.

CAY
I promise.

Frances holds out her arms in a demanding fashion. Cay leans over as Frances hugs her and doesn't want to let go; Cay doesn't move until Frances' hands slide off.

CAY (Cont'd)
(kissing Frances' fore-head)
...Night...

Frances' eyes are closed as Cay starts for the door.

FRANCES
(in her more natural tone)
Don't empty out my ice box!

CAY
(grinning as she opens the door)
Would I do that?

Cay steps out and closes the door behind her.

A CLOSEUP of Frances' face; she opens her eyes and stares straight ahead as we see the flask lift to her mouth and Frances takes a long swig; she turns her head to the night-table and turns out the light.

EXT. MORNING - RANCH VERANDA

Frances and Pat sit together on a swinging glider as Frances glances through the mail. Lucille sits on the railing, dividing her attention between the converstaion and Bum, who's doing work near the stable.

FRANCES
(patting Pat's knee)
...You and me should make a raisin cream pie.

PAT
I'm too depressed.

FRANCES
In this air?

LUCILLE
She'll be fine when she's rid of that creep.

PAT
Larry's not a creep.

LUCILLE
Any man who leaves a woman for a model is a creep in my book.

Pat begins weeping; Frances gives Lucille a look and puts a comforting arm around Pat.

Lucille swings her leg back and forth impatiently and speaks as she watches Bum.

LUCILLE (Cont'd)
...I don't know which is worse:
a cheater or a hobby nut!

PAT
...You can always share a hobby,
Lucille.

FRANCES
(looking through the
mail again)
...Suppose we'd all put in for a
new past if we could.

Vivian comes through the screen door, holding her reading glasses; everyone looks at her.

VIVIAN
...I came down to stretch my
legs.

LUCILLE
...What do you do up there,
anyway?

FRANCES
(answering for Vivian)
Whatever it is, it's too deep for
us to understand.
(standing up)
Come sit on the glider and join
the girl talk.

LUCILLE
We're discussing sex versus
marriage.

VIVIAN
(good-naturedly)
I'm not an expert in either category,
so I'll excuse myself.

Frances busies herself again with the mail; Vivian starts to walk across the veranda.

LUCILLE
I hear you cultured types go at
it like banshees.

FRANCES
Lu-cille!

LUCILLE
(giggling)
Is that true?

VIVIAN
(turning around)
...Actually, banshees were folk-lore women whose wailings foretold death.

FRANCES
(to Pat, to ease the tension)
Did you know that, Pat?

VIVIAN
(grinning at Lucille)
Perhaps you meant to say monkeys.

Frances wants to get rid of Lucille before there's an argument.

FRANCES
(before Lucille can answer)
I've got to get my pie in the oven. Would you drop Cay's mail at the cottage?

VIVIAN
(before Lucille can answer)
I'll take it.
(realizing how quickly she responded)
...I'm going for a walk.

Frances takes a beat at Vivian's willingness, but shakes it off and hands Vivian Cay's mail.

FRANCES
...Just leave it by the door and be on your way.

Lucille gets up and goes into the house as Vivian goes down the front steps with Frances watching her go.

EXT. NEAR CAY'S COTTAGE

On her way, Vivian passes close to where Bum is at work. She smiles; he stops what he's doing and checks her out from behind with an appreciative, interested look.

Vivian approaches Cay's cottage: a small, reconverted barn. She leans down and tries to wedge the mail (unsuccessfully) under the door; she then positions it one way and then another, finally deciding to just leave it.

From Vivian's POV, we see the door open and Cay look out in surprise; she's wearing a halter top and shorts; she's barefoot and splattered with wet clay.

VIVIAN
(holding out the mail)
...I'm passing by.

Cay takes the mail, hesitates and then opens the door wider.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
(with difficulty)
...Sorry about last night.

CAY
(relieved)
You can rely on me to say the wrong words if I'm tryin' hard not to.

VIVIAN
...They weren't wrong.

CAY
Well...
(grinning)
Yours didn't miss the mark, either.

They smile at each other; Vivian holds out her hand.

VIVIAN
...Friends?

Cay looks at Vivian's outstretched hand for a few beats and then takes it.

CAY
...No doubt about it...

Neither knows what to say; Vivian glances around.

VIVIAN
...May I?

Cay answers after a flicker of hesitation.

CAY
(exaggerated politeness, as a joke)
I wish you would.

As Vivian starts wandering around to look at the place, Cay steps behind the loft's ladder, leaning through the rungs to watch Vivian.

The silence is broken by the OS sound of someone stirring up in the sleep loft.

Vivian looks up in surprise; Cay drops her chin on her wrists and waits in embarrassment.

From Vivian's POV, we see GWEN, a young, nude WOMAN, disheveled and peering down half-asleep.

GWEN
...Hi...

VIVIAN
(trying to seem casual)
Hi! Hello...

GWEN
...Where's Cay?

CAY
(without looking up)
I'm here...go on back to sleep.

GWEN makes a hangover moan and falls back; Vivian starts for the door.

CAY (Cont'd)
Sorry I wasn't alone.

Vivian answers as she passes Cay and reaches the doorway.

VIVIAN
Socializing is the last thing on my mind.

Cay laughs and follows behind Vivian; she stands in the doorway to see Bum stop his work and watch Vivian walk off.

BUM
(turning back to Cay)
...How you get all this traffic with no equipment's beyond me!

CAY
(as Bum laughs)
...It'd be somethin' to think about, Bum. If you had a brain to think with!

They laugh at each other as Cay steps back and slams the door closed.

EXT. AFTERNOON

Vivian, primly dressed in a summer suit, hat and gloves and carrying a leather portfolio comes down the porch steps with Frances. Just as they reach Frances' stationwagon, they turn to see Cay's car speeding towards them, with Gwen in the passenger seat.

Cay brings the car to an idling stop beside the stationwagon; she's still wearing her halter and shorts; Gwen is dressed in a peasant skirt and off-the-shoulder ruffled blouse; her hair is in a ponytail as she smokes a cigarette and holds a bottle of beer. Cay's work clothes hang from a hook behind the driver's door; the back seat has been removed.

CAY
(calling out the window)
Where you off to?

VIVIAN
(quickly, before Frances speaks)
Lawyer's appointment!

CAY
No sense takin' two cars!

FRANCES
Who'll bring her back?

VIVIAN
(to Cay)
I'd rather not intrude!

CAY
You know how to drive?

VIVIAN
(after a hesitation)
...Yes, I drive.

CAY
...Hop out, Gwen...

Gwen makes a face at having Vivian along and gets out of the car.

FRANCES
(to Vivian)
You'd have the car for the day
and save me the trip.

Vivian covers her unwillingness to go with Cay by walking quickly to the car.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(to Cay)
Cay, I'm countin' on you to drive
like a lady!

GWEN
(to Frances)
Long time, no see, Miz Dewitt.

FRANCES
(as Vivian starts into
the back seat)
...I'm handlin' it.

INT. CAR

Vivian sees that there's no back seat; she looks at Cay.

CAY
Somebody used it for an ashtray...
come on up front.

Vivian backs out and gets in the front seat; Gwen slides in beside her and Frances slams the door shut.

FRANCES
(through the window
to Cay)
You stayin' in town tonight?

CAY
(starting off)
I'll pick up a ride.

FRANCES
(to Vivian)
I'm a phone call away, Professor.

With that, Cay picks up speed and heads for the front gates.

INT. CAR

Frances stands waving in the background as Cay speaks.

CAY
Vivian, this is my friend Gwen.

Vivian turns and smiles.

GWEN
(grinning)
From the loft?

VIVIAN
Yes, nice to see you again.

Cay pulls out onto the road and picks up speed. Gwen turns on the radio to a rock 'n roll station and begins moving to the music; Cay switches the dial to a static-filled classical music station.

Vivian stares through the windshield; Gwen rolls her eyes and leans forward to look at Cay.

GWEN
Are you serious?

CAY
About what?

GWEN
Listenin' to this funeral music, for one.

CAY
You know this piece, Vivian?

Vivian answers as she steals a look down at Cay's bare thigh against her skirt.

VIVIAN
...It's a Chopin Polanaise.

GWEN
(sarcastically, as she sits back)
I better get to the record store, 'fore they sell out.

CAY
(lightly)
Come on, we've all got a sensitive side.

GWEN
(flirtingly)
I don't recall you mentionin' that last night.

Cay looks out the side window, lets out a frustrated sigh and then stares through the windshield as Gwen giggles.

Vivian leans forward and changes the station back to rock 'n roll.

Gwen starts moving in her seat as Vivian subtly inches her leg away from Cay's

INT. CAR

Cay pulls alongside a busy, downtown curbfront, after dropping off Gwen. She keeps the engine idling and turns to Vivian.

CAY
...Want me to hang around?

VIVIAN
(reaching for the door handle)
I'm sure you have better things to do than wait for me.

Vivian gets out of the car, closes the door and leans down to speak through the open window.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
Oh, about the car. Thanks for the offer but I'll be taking a cab back.

CAY
(taking a beat)
They keys are behind the visor.

They look at each other for a few beats; Vivian turns and hurries across the pavement.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE

A large, wood-paneled room, filled with books, trophies, photos and animal heads mounted on the walls; an open bar stands near the window.

Vivian sits across the desk from ART WARNER; he's in his late 50's, white hair that falls to the back of his collar, rimless glasses and smoking a cigarette in a long cigarette holder; he's dressed in a western-style suit, plaid shirt, string tie and boots, one of which rests on a pulled-out desk drawer.

He leans back in his chair and gestures towards a file folder on his desk.

Vivian sits up very straight and waits for him to speak.

ART
(in a drawl)
...Appears from the agreement, Dr. Bell's walkin' off with the whole store.

VIVIAN
I've always supported myself. Other than my books, there was nothing I wanted.

ART
Is there a third party?

VIVIAN
No.

ART
It's a rare woman wants out with no strings. ...What are your grounds?

VIVIAN
(after a hesitation)
with a smile)
It's not that I haven't practiced this...

ART
(leaning forward to pour her coffee)
...Well, lawyers ain't the easiest folks to talk to.

Art looks over his glasses and smiles; Vivian relaxes a little. Art speaks as she sips her coffee.

ART (Cont'd)
...You enjoyin' the ranch?

VIVIAN
...It's different!

ART
(chuckling)
Yeah, they are one bunch of kooks out there.

After a few silent beats, Vivian decides to plunge into her speech.

VIVIAN
Look, Mr. Warner, I'm 37 and I want an honest life...I'm leaving a decent marriage to see if I can find one...not having children helps, although our careers served the same purpose in binding us together all those years...
(a smile)
...we were very big on form... everything from the right friends to the right prints on the wall.
(shaking her head with a smile to herself)
I yearned for a jagged edge... something we couldn't analyze and reason away.
(looking at Art)
I want to be free from who I've been.

ART
And your husband?

VIVIAN
Martin would be content to have me with him, regardless of how I felt.

ART
He wouldn't contest the suit?

VIVIAN
He accepts that I'm not coming back.

ART
Well...we better go with mental cruelty.

VIVIAN
We never treated each other with...

ART
(cutting her off)
Oh, that's an umbrella term. Nevada law prefers it... A headache or two...
(grinning)
Surely he refused to visit the in-laws once in a while.

VIVIAN
Mr. Warner, there's a good chance I'll spend the rest of my life alone. I made a difficult decision, but it wasn't based on a headache or two.

ART
(standing)
...My martini alarm..have a drink with me?

VIVIAN
Please, go on.

Art speaks as he fixes his drink.

ART
...First thing I'm bound to advise clients on...is not to leave the state once residency is established ... Lot of 'em like to run on down to San Francisco for a hoot and holler.

VIVIAN
(a weary smile)
Please don't misunderstand...

ART
(quickly)
Oh, hell, that wouldn't apply in this case!

Art finishes speaking as he returns and sits at his desk.

ART (Cont'd)
...I trust we could leave the keys with you, anytime.

Art chuckles and opens the file folder; Vivian ignores the remark and sits up to get ready for their talk.

EXT. AFTERNOON

Vivian walks along Virginia Street (the Strip), feeling unsettled by her time with Art Warner. From her POV, as she passes the courthourse, we see two well-dressed WOMEN in high spirits on the courthouse steps; one of them takes a camera from her purse and goes to the bottom step to take a picture of the other woman, who holds up her decree and kisses the courthouse pillar.

Vivian continues walking as the WOMAN whose picture's been taken dashes across the street to where several elderly MEN stand on the bridge over the Truckee River, holding their fishing poles.

The woman tosses her wedding ring into the river to the delight of the men, who immediately begin fishing for it.

Vivian walks along the heart of the strip, CROWDS and casino sounds swirling around her.

She walks past an open casino to watch an aged WOMAN, drinking, smoking and playing three slots at once. Her hands are black from coins and she seems mesmerized by her motion of feeding coins into the machines.

WOMAN
(to Vivian)
...Can't win if you don't play!

Vivian smiles and keeps walking; when she reaches the corner of a busy intersection and waits for the light to change, she looks around at the swirl of activity and PEOPLE and neon signs and feels like an alien.

The light changes; Vivian starts to cross the street; from her POV, standing in the middle of the next block, we see Jerry engaged in an animated conversation with a HOOKER.

Vivian makes an about face and turns down a side street.

She hurries along the pavement and sees an elderly, AMERICAN INDIAN MAN, calmly leaning against a wall with his face up to the sun.

VIVIAN
(approaching him)
...Excuse me.

The Indian opens his eyes and stares at Vivian with a granite expression.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...Could you tell me if I'm near the library?

The Indian waits a beat, then gives Vivian a slow, deliberate wink.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
(sorry she asked)
...Thank you...

Vivian walks on smiling to herself, realizing her refinement is out of place. She sees a MAN sitting behind the wheel of a parked car.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
(in a sort of slangy tone as she passes)
Hey, where's the library?

MAN
(gesturing with his thumb)
Keep goin'!

Vivian waves in satisfaction and keeps walking.

INT. MAPE'S CASINO - EMPLOYEES' LOCKER ROOM

Cay, Silver and OTHERS are at their lockers getting ready for work. The locker room door opens; Cay and Silver turn to see DARRELL enter with JOYCE, a new employee.

Darrell is in his early 30's, over-muscled and baby-faced; he's immaculately dressed in starched jeans, shirt, vest and boots; he's wearing silver and turquoise Indian jewelry: bracelet, watch, several rings and a medallion.

Joyce is in her late teens; she's heavily made-up and is wearing shocking pink pedal pushers and a skimpy photo shirt of MONT-GOMERY CLIFT. She's carrying her work clothes on a hanger and chewing gum.

She acts fetchingly helpless as she follows Darrell to an empty locker; Cay goes back to what she was doing, but Silver is checking out Joyce.

DARRELL
(to Joyce)
Put your stuff in here and don't forget to lock it.

Joyce minces around Darrell and puts her things in the locker; Darrell takes her by the hand and walks towards Cay and Silver.

DARREL (Cont'd)
(pointing)
...Cay...Silver...Joyce.

Joyce gushes insincere greetings. Cay and Silver say their "Hi's."

DARRELL
(to Joyce)
...I'll leave you here with the girls and see you on the floor.

Silver and Cay go back to their locker business.

DARRELL (Cont'd)
(to Cay)
I want to talk to you in the office.

Darrell starts walking to the door with Cay following behind. When he opens the door, we hear Joyce's OS voice.

JOYCE
Oh, Darrell?

Darrell and Cay turn; from their POV, we see Joyce has taken off her shirt and stands in her bra by her locker.

JOYCE (Cont'd)
Where should I put the key?

Silver calls out before Darrell can answer.

SILVER
(a little ornery)
I'll show her where to put it.

INT. DARRELL'S OFFICE

A small, dark, windowless room with a desk, leather couch and water cooler.

Darrell's desk is filled with paperwork but everything is arranged in neat piles.

Darrell opens the door, standing by it as Cay enters with a reluctant expression.

No sooner does she enter than Darrell swings her around and grabs her as he kicks the door closed. With Cay in his powerful

grip, Darrell seems satisfied for a beat. When Cay doesn't move, he gives her a surprisingly tender kiss, but as his excitement grows, his kiss becomes more passionate.

Cay puts her hands between their mouths and Darrell draws his face back to look at her.

DARRELL
(in an intimate, aroused voice)
...I woke up wantin' to do that.

CAY
(a little sympathetic)
And break my ribs, too?

Darrell answers as he tightens his grip and moves her back against the door. Cay resigns herself to this stolen moment that seems to mean so much to him.

DARRELL
Yeah...crush 'em...like you're crushin' me.

Darrell holds back from being rough as he kisses her hair and ear and neck.

CAY
...I'm lettin' you do this, Darrell, not wantin' you...lettin' you.

DARRELL
(looking at Cay)
If I cared about my pride... that would matter.

It's clear that Darrell's longing is real; as he leans in to kiss her again, Cay grabs him affectionately but firmly by the hair.

CAY
...It's not there...

DARRELL
(starting to unbutton her shirt)
It was once...

Cay stops Darrell with her hands, which sets him off. He's determined to complete unbuttoning her shirt; she's determined he won't.

CAY
...Don't.

Darrell stops and looks at her in frustration.

He slowly grasps her half-open shirt with both hands and rips the rest open, making the buttons tear off.

Cay looks down with a sad but poised expression at where a button has landed; her bra is visible through her open shirt.

Darrell tries to think of something to say but all he can do is squat down to retrieve the buttons. He speaks as he gently tucks them into Cay's shirt pocket and holds her shirt closed.

DARRELL
...Do you know how much I love you?

CAY
I know how tormented you are.

DARRELL
I start out wanting to express myself...but I ruin it...don't I?

CAY
(still looking down)
There's nothin' between us to ruin, Darrell, and I've been honest with you about why.

DARRELL
(dropping his hands)
..I know the score.
(Cay looks at him)
I could look the other way when I had to.

Cay puts her head down and turns to leave. When her hand is on the doorknob, Darrell covers it with his own.

DARRELL (Cont'd)
...I want to take care of you, darlin'.

Cay stands patiently until Darrell takes his hand away. Cay walks out, leaving the door open.

Darrell puts the palms of his hands against the door and gives it a slow, defeated shove closed.

INT. MORNING - VIVIAN'S ROOM

She's working at the desk, wearing glasses, slack outfit, smoking and having a cup of tea. Hearing voices, she goes to the window. From her POV as she peeks through the curtains, we see below outside the stable: Cay, Jerry, Lucille and Bum getting ready for a horseback ride. Lucille nuzzles Bum, who's trying to saddle up a horse; Jerry checks the camera around his neck; Cay, who's helping Bum, suddenly swings her head around and looks up at Vivian's window. Vivian steps away as we hear Cay's OS voice call out.

CAY
...Good morning!

VIVIAN
(stepping before the window)
...Oh...morning!

Cay puts her hands in her back pockets and strolls to beneath Vivian's window.

CAY
...When's the last time you were on a horse, lady?

VIVIAN
...Too far back to recall!

CAY
Take off your glasses and be down here in five minutes!
(grinning)
Please...

EXT. VERANDA

Frances stands before an easel doing a paint-by-number canvas; from her POV, we see Vivian come through the screen door; she's wearing a bandana around her hair and carries a shoulder bag.

FRANCES
...You won't need your purse, honey.

Frances holds out her hand; Vivian, seeming in a light mood, hands it over and turns her attention to the canvas.

VIVIAN
I didn't know you painted, Frances.

FRANCES
(with a proud look at the canvas)
Jesus at Galilee.
(giving Vivian the once-over)
...Somebody didn't pack ridin' stuff.

VIVIAN
(humorously)
The truth is, Frances, I ended my riding career when I stopped being a size eight.

FRANCES
Oh, poosh, have some fun!

VIVIAN
...Reserve a standing place by the mantle!

FRANCES
(laughing)
Good times'll hurt you in the end!

Frances watches Vivian go; she shakes her head at Vivian's appearance and turns back to the canvas.

EXT. OUTSIDE STABLE

Vivian approaches the others: Lucille and Jerry are on their horses; Bum saddles up his last horse as Cay turns to wait for Vivian.

JERRY
Hey! Take me to your leader!

Cay looks over her shoulder at Jerry and then goes to Vivian.

CAY
...Let's have a look at your soles.

Vivian puts her hand on Cay's shoulder for balance and lifts her shoe as Jerry laughs and takes her picture.

JERRY
...If this isn't the funniest sight!

VIVIAN
You've never seen me on skis!

LUCILLE
Jerry, quit being a tease-nik and take one of us!

Jerry turns in his saddle and takes one of Lucille with her cheek against Bum's. Cay helps Vivian onto her horse; Jerry turns back to take another picture.

JERRY
...This belongs in LIFE!

While Jerry advances the film in his camera, Cay goes behind his horse and gives it a thwack on the rump; everyone holds tight to their reins as the horse gallops off and Jerry tries to regain his balance. Cay lifts up on her horse to Bum's and Lucille's laughter; she waits for Vivian to walk abreast and then they start out behind Bum and Lucille.

When Lucille half falls out of her saddle to hug Bum, Cay imitates her by falling out of hers to hug Vivian. When Vivian laughs nervously, Lucille turns around; Cay straightens up and steers her horse away from them as Vivian follows.

EXT. DESERT

Cay and Vivian walk along on their horses.

VIVIAN
I wonder which of us is going to say, "tell me about yourself?"

CAY
(grinning at Vivian)
Frances filled me in on the facts ...as she has wont to do.

VIVIAN
She hasn't given me yours.

CAY
As she has wont <u>not</u> to do.

VIVIAN
Would it sound high-minded if I asked?

They grin at each other, recalling the other night's exchange.

CAY
...I'm twenty-five goin' on ten. I work as a change apron at the Mape's, makin' change for the slots. I run around a lot to try to forget that I want to get outta here, but I can't because everybody I know is here...'cept two cousins in Utah.

VIVIAN
Aha, you have ambitions!

CAY
(with spirit)
I'd like to be happy! How 'bout you? All your ambitions realized?

VIVIAN
No. Only my plans.

CAY
...What went wrong with your marriage?

VIVIAN
(smiling)
If I said it drowned in still waters, would that explain it?

CAY
Say no more.

VIVIAN
...Have you been married?

CAY
(laughing)
Come on! I'm not the type to be harnassed.

They ride along in silence; Vivian puts her face up to the sun. She smiles to herself when she hears Cay clear her throat several times out of nervousness.

VIVIAN
(taking a deep breath with her eyes closed)
I would've been stuck in my room all day...this is terrific...

The OS sound of a galloping horse turns Cay's attention away from answering. We see Bum in the background, as he races towards them.

BUM
(pulling his horse
to a stop, to Cay)
Lucille's takin' a leak, so I
excaped! Let's ride!

Cay leans over and strokes Vivian's horse's mane; she looks up at Vivian for a few beats, before turning her horse around to join Bum.

From Vivian's POV, we watch Cay and Bum gallop across the desert; when they're far in the distance, she dismounts, puts the horse's reins under a rock and takes off her bandana to shake her hair loose.

The CAMERA pulls UP and BACK; Vivian puts her hands on her hips and begins walking away from the CAMERA, alone against the vast landscape.

EXT. DESERT

Jerry is in the background taking pictures; Pat wanders in the farther background with her arms folded and head down.

Vivian and Lucille sit on a rock, watching Cay and Bum. Lucille speaks as she smokes a cigarette and applies suntan lotion to her face.

LUCILLE
...I was on six Miltown a day
before I got here...wringing the
hands...the kids, guilt, the whole
bit.

VIVIAN
I wouldn't have guessed...
(smiling to herself)
You seem so assured.

LUCILLE
Thanks to Bum Euker...amazing what
a little understanding will do.

VIVIAN
...Cay and I are becoming friends,
too...it does help.

LUCILLE
...Not that it's any of my concern,
but you should think twice before
you hang around with her.

VIVIAN
(casually leaning back on her elbows)
I agree with you, Lucille... it's not your concern.

LUCILLE
Did you know she was kicked out of college for, uh, unnatural acts, as they say?

Vivian is taken off guard; she closes her eyes knowing that Lucille is watching for a reaction.

VIVIAN
(cooly)
Shall I raise my eyebrows and gasp?

LUCILLE
(after a few beats)
I'm definitely out to lunch when it comes to queers...aren't you?

VIVIAN
(opening her eyes and looking at Lucille)
I doubt either of us will be sorely missed.

Lucille senses Vivian's annoyance.

LUCILLE
...Nobody said it didn't take all kinds, Vivian.

VIVIAN
(closing her eyes again)
...You're certainly making a unique contribution.

INT. CAY'S CAR - DUSK - VIRGINIA STREET

Cay drives along the busy, neon-lit street.

EXT. MAPE'S PARKING LOT

Cay drives into a space, turns off the ignition and sits behind the wheel.

INT. CAR

She's staring through the windshield at a brick wall when another car bumps her back fender. Through the rear view mirror, Cay sees Silver laughing from behind the wheel of her car. Beside Silver is JOE LORENZO, a dimimutive, pompadoured MAN in his late 30's; he laughs, too, as Silver backs away to park her car.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Cay gets out of the car to greet Silver and Joe.

They laugh and grab each other.

CAY
...Hot dice, Joe. Congratulations.

JOE
(as Silver joins them)
Four-hundred bucks for the ring ...I need condolences!

CAY
Not the way her eyes are sparklin'.

SILVER
That ain't sparkle. It's panic!
(to Joe)
Gimme a kiss to last the whole shift.

Silver, who's a good five inches taller, smothers him with a lover's kiss to the catcalls of several passing EMPLOYEES. Silver pulls back to look at Joe.

SILVER (Cont'd)
(intimately)
...Pervert...
(continuing to look at Joe)
...You got a date, Cay?

CAY
Nope.

SILVER
(intimately, to Joe)
Pick up an extra steak, lover.

After a lingering look, Joe slaps Silver on the ass, grins at Cay and goes to Silver's car.

Silver and Cay begin walking across the lot to the Employees' entrance.

SILVER (Cont'd)
...I'm in a can't-keep-my-hands-off-him phase.

CAY
Inviting me over to watch the show?

Silver answers as they near the door.

SILVER
I want to find out why you've been walkin' around like you swallowed the canary.

Cay wheels on Silver and with a struggle lifts her off the ground. They laugh as Cay lets Silver fall out of her grasp; they turn and go inside.

EXT. NIGHT - RANCH

A film is being projected onto a flapping sheet that's been strung between two poles.

Walter, Jerry, Pat, Lucille and Bum sit in a row of foldup chairs, drinking, smoking and snacking; Lucille is giggling and furtively playing with Bum, who seems more interested in making unfunny comments on the film.

Seated behind them are Vivian and Frances.

FRANCES
(leaning towards Vivian)
...Cay behave herself today?

VIVIAN
(whispering back)
She was absolutely charming.

SILENCE.

FRANCES
(whispering back)
...I wouldn't be too won over by her.

VIVIAN
(not wanting to be overheard by Lucille)
...Do you foresee an awkward situation arising?

FRANCES
(also not wanting to be overheard by Lucille)
Oh, no. It's just that she's got nothing in common with a person of your caliber.

SILENCE. Vivian and Frances continue watching the film. In front, Bum holds up his fingers to make an animal image appear on the screen; Lucille doubles over in laughter, turns to him and speaks, making sure Vivian and Frances can hear.

LUCILLE
(with amused passion)
...I don't ever want your lips on another woman.

With that, Vivian pats Frances on the knee as she gets up and stoops so as not to block the projector.

VIVIAN
I've seen this movie...goodnight.

From Frances' POV, we watch Vivian walk towards the house and disappear around the veranda.

INT. SILVER'S BATHROOM

A sunburst wall clock reads 3:20 a.m., fake fur covers the floor, and toilet seat cover, tank and hamper; wrought-iron shelves hold knick-knacks and toilet articles; several candles light the room.

Cay and Silver sit facing one another in a bubble bath; they're drinking Margaritas; Silver wears a shower cap that features a tiara on a spring. When Silver lights her cigarette, the lighter plays "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES."

SILVER
...Joe's in the kitchen...you're in the tub...Jesus, I'm happy.

They grin at each other; Silver lifts Cay's foot out of the water.

SILVER (Cont'd)
...Now, start talkin'.

CAY
...You'll laugh.

SILVER
This must be serious.

CAY
...I think I've met somebody who counts.

SILVER
(after sipping her drink)
From the beginnin' and don't skip over the good parts.

CAY
She's an English professor...twelve years older than me.

SILVER
(with a hooting laugh)
Well, rock 'n roll!

CAY
It sounds a lot funnier than it is.

SILVER
She out at the ranch?
(quickly)
Where you promised not to mess around?

CAY
(nodding)
..Vivian Bell...
(shaking her head)
I say her name and I wanna smile.

SILVER
(draping her leg over the side of the tub)
You sleepin' with her?

CAY
Nope...and I probably won't.

SILVER
Don't she want to?

CAY
It's not about that, Sil. You know how I'm always tap dancin' all over the place. Well, I don't do it so much with her.

SILVER
Just you remember, she's gonna pick up her decree and be gone.

CAY
(smiling as she submerges)
...Maybe by then I'll figure out somethin' in this screwed up little life of mine.

SILVER
I love your life, babe...wouldn't wanna be without it.

The bathroom door opens and Joe enters; he's wearing shorts, be-bop cap, an apron and carries a pitcher.

JOE
(filling their glasses)
...The steaks are done...let's eat.

INT. DAY - WESTERN WEAR SHOP - RENO

Cay turns away from a SALESGIRL she's been chatting with and walks to a dressing room curtain.

CAY
...Sooner or later you have to come out.

VIVIAN
(OS)
...This doesn't work.

CAY
How can I tell if you won't come out?

VIVIAN
(OS)
Take my word for it!

CAY
(laughing)
...Are you gonna stay in there forever?

VIVIAN
Yes.

CAY
I'll get you some lunch...slip it under the curtain.

Pause.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Bye.

After a few beats of silence, Vivian draws back the curtain; her jeans and Western shirt are at least a size too big; tags hang from her belt and cuffs.

SALESGIRL
(OS as she approaches)
What's the fit like, honey?

Vivian looks imploringly at Cay, who turns around and shields Vivian.

CAY
(laughing and holding up her hand)
...Stay back, Dottie! This is somethin' only a friend can see.

DOTTIE laughs and turns back to the front of the shop. Cay turns around to face Vivian, who stands there looking helpless.

Cay pulls and lifts and tucks and blouses out as Vivian speaks.

VIVIAN
...This Western style isn't too flattering.

CAY
'Specially when it's three sizes too big...take it all off!

Cay doesn't step back; Vivian looks at her and waits. It's a stand-off until Cay grins and takes a few backward steps. Vivian looks as though she's going to say something but draws the curtain closed to Cay's laughter.

INT. BOOT DEPARTMENT

Cay and Vivian sit side by side; Joe Lorenzo is the salesman; he speaks to Cay while pulling a new pair of boots onto Vivian's stockinged feet.

JOE
...Darrell's got us the lounge for the engagement party.
(winking at Vivian)
He'd like it to be for him and Cay.
(standing up)
There you go, Violet.

VIVIAN
(as she stands)
Vivian.

JOE
I knew it started with a V.

Joe gestures for Vivian to walk across the floor. In her dress and nylons, she teeters as Joe and Cay glance at each other.

CAY
(calling to Vivian)
...This is how you do it, Vivian!

Cay stands up, hooks her fingers in her belt, bows her legs and starts strutting like a cowboy.

Vivian laughs and looks at Joe, who starts doing the same walk to urge her on.

Cay turns to watch Vivian hook her fingers in her dress belt, bow her legs and imitate Cay as she comes across the floor.

VIVIAN
(laughing)
...Thank God, my students can't see me now!
(stopping in front of Cay)
...Do you like them?

CAY
...More than I can say.

Vivian looks down at her boots; Cay looks past her to see Joe give her a quizzical grin before kneeling down to put the boots back in a box.

INT. DAY - TOP OF MAPE'S RESTAURANT

Cay and Vivian sit in a booth opposite Silver; beside Silver are Vivian's shopping bags; they're having lunch and drinking Margaritas.

SILVER
...I was gettin' nowhere fast with my singin' career, so I started at the casino...
(laughing)
In hopes of bein' discovered!

VIVIAN
Who named you Silver?

Silver thumbs brazenly to herself.

CAY
(leaning into Vivian)
She still answers to Sylvia when she's weary.

SILVER
I'll ignore that, Catherine Anne.
(looking past them)
...Oh, oh, here comes snake eyes.

Cay and Vivian turn; from their POV, we see Darrell walk up to the booth and stand with his hands on his hips.

DARRELL
(to Cay)
...You're hard to track down.

CAY
Not hard enough, I guess.

SILVER
Thought your days were spent sniffin' after Joyce.

Darrell answers as he pushes the shopping bags to the floor and sits down next to Silver.

DARRELL
You got it backwards...for a change.

SILVER
(as Darrell looks from Cay to Vivian)
This here's our friend, Vivian.

DARRELL
(as Vivian smiles across the table)
Whose friend?

CAY
My friend.

DARRELL
(extending his hand for a too-tight handshake)
I'm Darrell.

VIVIAN
...How do you do?

DARRELL
(grinning)
You're probably doin' better.

SILVER
(to ease the tension, to Vivian)
...So, we're gonna see you in your new outfit tonight, huh?

VIVIAN
(laughing)
I wouldn't have had had the nerve, but Cay's persuaded me to throw caution to the wind.

DARRELL
(lighting a cigarette)
That's what she's best at.

Silver makes a disgruntled sound and turns to look out the window; while Cay and Darrell stare at each other, Vivian reaches under the table to get her bags.

VIVIAN
(trying to sound light)
This may be my last opportunity to make a graceful exit.

Without taking her eyes off Darrell, Cay stands and lets Vivian slide from the booth.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
(looking from Cay to Silver)
...Thanks for lunch.

SILVER
See ya tonight, honey!

VIVIAN
(catching Darrel's eye)
...Bye.

Darrell nods as he looks down at a menu; from Cay's POV, we see Vivian turn and start for the exit; she drops one of her packages, leans down to scoop it up and hurries through the doors.

Cay lays her hand on Darrell's shoulder and speaks with quiet finality.

CAY
...Whatever you set out to do... you accomplished quite the opposite...

Cay walks away to join OTHERS at another table.

DARRELL
(to Silver)
...From where I sit, Cay's steppin' out her range with that woman.

SILVER
Want a tip?
(Darrell turns to look at her)
...Change your seat.

INT. NIGHT - CASINO

The floor is packed with GAMBLERS and noise. A LONG SHOT shows Cay, Silver, Darrell and Joyce, all busily working their jobs.

A jackpot bell rings over a slot machine; Cay goes quickly to the MALE GAMBLER, who stands drunkenly by his winning slot.

CAY
...Will you play that off, sir?

The MAN lights a cigarette from his old one and puts his arm around Cay's waist.

MAN
...Sherman...

CAY
(humorously, as she tries to push him off)
Alrightee, Sherman! Will you play...

MAN
(bringing his face close to hers)
I'd enjoy playin' you off more!

Suddenly, the man winces and drops the drink he's been holding. Behind him, we see Darrell, who's pinning his arm back.

DARRELL
(in a low, casual voice)
...Tell the lady you apologize.

When the man doesn't do it, Darrell pins his arm up tighter.

DARRELL (Cont'd)
(looking away)
...Apologize, buddy...

MAN
(in pain)
...I'm sorry!

Darrell lets go and looks at Cay while the man grabs his hurting arm.

DARRELL
...That makes two of us...

INT. CASINO - LATER

A LONG SHOT shows Vivian in her Western clothes, arm in arm with Pat as they wander through the crowd.

Darrell spots them and, from his POV, we see Cay come up to them; she and Vivian take a long look at each other with awkward smiles; Cay quickly turns her attention to Pat, and motions for a COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

CLOSEUP of Cay as she turns back to Vivian, who's looking around in amazement.

CAY
(laughing)
You've got that first-time look on your face!

VIVIAN
(laughing back)
I'm deciding on an attitude!

CAY
...How 'bout, none of this counts?

Again, from Darrell's POV, we see Cay and Vivian turn from looking at each other and give their attention to the WAITRESS.

INT. CASINO - LATER

Vivian, holding a drink, wanders from one gambling table to the next, pausing to smile up at Silver, who's doing her thing on the ramp. Vivian's main focus seems to be stealing looks at Cay, who seems to be everyone's delight as she works the floor.

Through Vivian's wandering, we see in the background: Lucille, all business as she smokes, drinks and concentrates on her black-jack game; Jerry, pretending to have a conversation with a SECURITY GUARD, but checking out every FEMALE in view; Pat, standing with an attractive MAN, who's flirting with her; suddenly Pat throws back her head and roars with laughter as the MAN whispers in her ear.

Vivian stumbles into a MAN, spilling both their drinks.

From Cay's POV, we see the man turn around; Vivian apologizes and the man begins to flirt.

Darrell comes up to Vivian, and steers her away from the man.

DARRELL
(protectively)
...He's a jerk...
(to Vivian, snapping his fingers for a passing WAITRESS)
What are you drinkin', Vivian?

VIVIAN
Scotch...

DARRELL
(to the WAITRESS)
Double Scotch.
(to Vivian when the waitress leaves)
...You haven't been participatin'.

VIVIAN
...I'm in town for my divorce.
(with an open smile)
I'm not here for the activities.

DARRELL
...If anybody ever told me I'd want to change places with a woman, I'd buy him a drink for his nerve...but right now, I'd do anything in the world to be you.

Darrell looks at Vivian with such a steady gaze of knowledge, all she can do is stare back until he gives her a c'est la vie grin and walks off.

INT. NIGHT - VIVIAN'S ROOM

It's late and the house is silent. Vivian's Western outfit is strewn across the work on her desk.

During the scene, the CAMERA stays in CLOSEUP on Vivian as she lies asleep on her side.

OS, we hear the door to her room open.

Vivian opens her eyes but doesn't move; she lies with her back to Cay. After a long, silent beat, we hear the door close. Vivian turns around, thinking Cay is there as we hear Cay going down the hall stairs.

INT. MORNING - VIVIAN'S ROOM

Awakened by the OS sound of a noisy car engine, Vivian gets up and goes to the window. From her POV, we see a car (Volkswagon?) below with a young COUPLE inside. Several placards lie in the back seat; Vivian twists around to read the top one.

BAN THE BOMB!
STOP FALLOUT!

Frances speaks as she holds onto Walter's arms.

FRANCES
(looking into the car)
...If I catch you near my son, you're goin' to jail!
(slapping the top of the car)
You all take those signs off my property and I mean quick!

A CLOSEUP of Vivian. OS we hear the car drive off and Frances' voice berating Walter as they go into the house.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
...Your father's got quite enough to twist in his grave over.

INT. MORNING - RANCH

Vivian is dressed as she steps into the hall from her room on her way to breakfast. A bathroom door down the hall opens and Walter comes out to go back to his room.

VIVIAN
Walt...

Walter stops but is embarrassed to turn around.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...If you'd like to walk with me after breakfast, we could decide on some letters of recommendation.
(smiling)
You can address them.

She puts her hand to his face and they look at each other.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
That's the least I can do for a heroic young man.

Vivian kisses Walter's cheek and turns to go down the stairs.

WALTER
...You're the greatest...

Vivian gives a small wave over her shoulder, keeping her back to him as she goes down the stairs.

INT. RANCH DINING ROOM

An OS radio is playing "COME ON A MY HOUSE." Frances sings along as she sets out more breakfast food on the lazy susan and takes her seat with: Cay, Vivian, Lucille, Bum, Jerry and Pat.

While she speaks, Frances is aware of Cay and Vivian trading looks across the table.

FRANCES
Well, our Pat's decided to pass up the bash tomorrow night and I can't say as I blame her.

PAT
I have to pack...
(smiling)
up my troubles.

LUCILLE
Oh, gloom and doom, even at breakfast.

FRANCES
She'd just be missin' a lot of vulgar goin's on...drinkin' their heads off.

JERRY
(to Cay)
Do they slow dance at these things?

CAY
We're not in the Congo, Jerry.

Frances speaks as Walter enters and takes his seat with a shy smile to Vivian.

FRANCES
(to Vivian)
I'm worried sick about you, in the middle of all that ruckus.

VIVIAN
I'm not going.

Cay drops her fork on her plate.

FRANCES
Sensible idea.

CAY
Why not?

VIVIAN
I have lectures to prepare.

JERRY
(nudging her in the ribs)
Aw, let your hair down for once.

CAY
Did Darrell put you off?

VIVIAN
Who?

FRANCES
(seeing that Cay's angry)
Oh, stop fussin'! Eat your breakfast and leave the woman alone.

Cay stands up and turns to Frances.

CAY
This doesn't concern you, Frances ...honest!

FRANCES
(showing some temper)
You're skatin' on thin ice, girl!

CAY
(to Vivian)
I want you to come...for me.

Everyone watches as Cay walks out of the room and we hear the door open and slam shut.

PAT
(with a slow grin to Vivian)
...How can you resist such a passionate plea?

Lucille giggles; Frances stands up, takes the coffee pot and goes into the kitchen.

VIVIAN
(to Walter)
...I'm ready for our walk anytime.

INT. NIGHT - CASINO LOUNGE

A CLOSEUP of a MAN'S face as he speaks into a microphone from a small stage. OS, we hear loud conversation and laughter.

MAN
(in a western drawl)
...Folks?...If I can get your attention!

The noise continues; the man looks with a helpless smile towards the wings.

MAN (Cont'd)
(into the mike)
...Ahem ! Y'all?

OS we hear Silver yell out from the wings.

SILVER
...QUIET THE HELL DOWN!

The noise abates and the man leans into the mike.

MAN
We wanna welcome you to our little celebration...courtesy of Mr. Joe Lorenzo.
(applause and whistles)
And I'd like a big hand for the star attraction...Miss Silver Dale!

Stomping, whistling and applause as the CAMERA pulls back and Silver appears to join the MUSICIANS. She's in a red silk long skirt, fringed blouse and boots; she bounces across the stage to hide her limp. The CAMERA pans the AUDIENCE of EMPLOYEES, FRIENDS and GAMBLERS, sitting around small, round tables. Up front, several tables have been pushed together. Around them are Joe, Frances, Lucille, Bum, Cay, her elbow propped on Walter's shoulder, Darrell, Joyce, Jerry and Vivian.

Everyone's dressed in Western garb; from their POV, we see a hand-painted sign over the stage:

SILVER & JOE

Two hearts are painted on either side of their names.

SILVER
(into the microphone)
You can stop clappin' as I plan to sing more than one!

The applause dies down; a CLOSEUP of Silver's face in the spotlight.

SILVER (Cont'd)
...I'd like to dedicate this first tune to my idol...Kitty Wells.

Silver lowers her head as the musicians play an intro. When she looks up and begins singing, there's a sweet earnestness in her manner and a willingness to give it her all.

SILVER (Cont'd)
(as smoke swirls in the spotlight)
..."Searching...I've spent a lifetime, darling...searching ...looking...
(glances down with sweet grins for Joe and Cay)
...for someone like you. Dreaming...in all my dreams I dreamed that someday...I'd find ...someone like you...Other loves have come my way, but they were not for me...tell me that you're here to stay...don't ever set me free...

Silver stops singing as the musicians play the bridge. The CAMERA pans around the table to show: Joe, throwing kisses up to Silver; Frances, bobbing her spray-netted stiff hairdo to the music; Lucille, with her head at an awkward angle to rest on Bum's shoulder; Jerry, checking the room for attractive females; Joyce putting her cheek on Darrell's; Vivian looking at Cay and Walter as they sway against each other with their backs to her.

A WAITRESS brings a new round of drinks before the CAMERA goes back to a CLOSEUP of Silver.

SILVER
...'Cause I've been searching... I've spent a lifetime, darling... searching...looking...for someone just like you.

The song ends to raucous shouts and applause.

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

The musicians are playing C.C. RIDER; everyone's been drinking; on the floor, along with others, Silver, Joe, Cay, Walter, Darrell and Joyce are doing the STROLL.

Cay pulls Frances to her feet; Frances doesn't even know the dance but begins her own elaborate version.

Lucille gets the urge and hauls Bum to his feet to join the dancers; Jerry downs his drink and cuts in between Joyce and Darrell.

Vivian is left alone at the table; Cay dances over to her, whispering something as she pulls Vivian up. Cay puts her arm through Vivian's, steers her back to the others, starts teaching her the step, both laughing.

A LONGSHOT shows almost everybody in the room up on their feet and doing the Stroll, while CUSTOMERS watch through the windows from the casino floor.

INT. LOUNGE

The musicians are playing a slow tune. Vivian is dancing with Walter; Cay is dancing with Frances.

Frances is drunk and seems to be in a reverie as she leads Cay around the floor.

CAY
(affectionately)
...What're you dreamin' about, old lady?

FRANCES
I swear sometimes...if I turned around, Glen'd be standin' behind me.

CAY
...Why him and nobody else?

FRANCES
'Cause he reached in and put a string of lights around my heart.
(grinning but sad)
...Those days are good and gone.

CAY
You're still the best dancer in town.

FRANCES
(as she swirls Cay around)
You better believe it!

Darrell cuts in on Frances, who gives him entree as she dances into someone else's arms.

Cay's arms go around him and with a genuine smile, she lets him pull her close. Darrell takes these beats to enjoy holding her; he draws his head back and speaks with a sense of humor that belies his real feelings.

DARRELL
...I almost had you...didn't I?
(they smile at each other)
...Well, didn't I?

Cay's only answer is to pull Darrell closer as they dance.

Vivian is watching them, and then turns and goes out to the tables.

INT. CASINO FLOOR

A MAN at a busy crap table stops her and pulls her over. She's a little tipsy and stumbles against him as everyone at the table watches.

MAN
...Come here, darlin'...change my luck!

VIVIAN
(resisting)
I'm afraid I don't know this game.

MAN
Well, I do know it and I'm down two hundred bucks!

Everyone laughs; the man puts the dice in Vivian's hand and then using his hand shows her how to do it.

MAN (Cont'd)
...Give 'em a nice shake and then...roll 'em for Lon.

Vivian stands at the end of the crap table, looking at the GAMBLERS. The man gives her a brusque nudge and she gives the dice a tentative roll. It's a lucky one and he slaps her on the back as she looks down at his winning chips.

MAN (Cont'd)
(handing Vivian the dice)
Do it again, you beautiful thing!

Vivian rolls the dice with a bit more flourish and gives another lucky roll; when everyone urges her on, she starts enjoying it and gives another fancy roll of the dice.

Vivian laughs; new bets are placed on the table; the man hoots in delight and hands Vivian the dice.

MAN
(illustrating)
Now, blow on 'em and roll fours!

Vivian blows on the dice and rolls with enough vigor to send the dice off the table.

FEMALE GAMBLER
Get 'er a bigger table!

The CROUPIER picks up the dice, examines them and then hands back the dice and Vivian makes yet another lucky roll, which makes the man go into an ecstatic dance.

From Cay's POV, as she comes out of the lounge, we see the crap table jumping with enthusiasm as Vivian is really into tossing the dice.

Cay stands off to watch; Vivian comes up craps; everyone moans in sympathy, but the man is satisfied with his winnings.

CLOSEUP of the man picking up some chips and putting them in Vivian's shoulder bag.

MAN
(kissing her on the cheek)
...What say we get married?

The man laughs and looks back at the table as the game goes on; Vivian turns to see Cay and walks to her.

VIVIAN
(elated and tipsy)
...Did you see?
(Cay grins and nods)
He actually tipped me!
(laughing)
And then proposed!

Cay puts her arm through Vivian's and steers her towards the CASHIER'S COUNTER.

CAY
...We're cashin' in.

In the background as they go, we see a wall clock that reads four a.m.

INT. CAY'S CAR

It's just before dawn along the desert highway. While Cay

(MORE)

drives, Vivian leans her head back against the seat; they're both bleary and high from the long night's celebration.

VIVIAN
...Why do you live at the ranch?

CAY
It's my hideout.

VIVIAN
Oh, I know all about hideouts ...what are you hiding from?

CAY
(laughing)
Anything I can't handle.

VIVIAN
I'm relieved to know that.

Cay looks at Vivian's profile and laughs.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
(staring out at the stars)
...It was Art Warner who said I deserve a hoot and holler... I'm not allowed to leave the state, you know.

CAY
...Tell you what...if any rules get broken, I'll take the blame ...okay?

Vivian doesn't answer for a few beats.

VIVIAN
I'd rather that didn't happen...

From Vivian's POV, through the open window, we see the first light of dawn.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...Do my eyes deceive me or is that the dawn?

CAY
(laughing)
I believe you're loaded, Vivian.

VIVIAN
...Would I be doing this otherwise?

CAY
...What are you doing?

Silence.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Huh?

Vivian puts her head back and begins imitating Silver's version of "SEARCHING." She's off-key and doesn't know the lyrics.

INT. CAR - DAWN

Cay drives along as Vivian sleeps. From Cay's POV, we see up ahead a white cross marker by a curve in the road. Cay stops the car, keeping the engine idling. She watches Vivian sleep and then leans closer to her.

CAY
...Psst...

Vivian shifts, but doesn't open her eyes.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Open your eyes.

Vivian opens her eyes and looks around in bewilderment.

VIVIAN
(as Cay drives around the curve)
...Where are we?

CAY
...Pyramid Lake.

From Vivian's POV, we see a red morning light through dark clouds as the still, blue lake rises like a surreal image out of the desert. Vivian is too awed by the scene to speak.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF LAKE & CAY & VIVIAN

Cay parks the car; cows graze nearby as she gets out and makes her way down to the lake's edge.

A CLOSEUP of Cay staring out; OS, we hear the car door open slowly and close.

The CAMERA pulls back to show Vivian coming up behind Cay. She wraps her arms around herself to ward off the chill; they stand silently side by side.

VIVIAN
...I can't tell whether I'm awake or dreaming...

Cay turns, smiles at Vivian and begins walking along the lake's edge. Vivian waits a few beats and then follows behind.

EXT. FARTHER ALONG LAKE'S EDGE

Vivian walks abreast of Cay but on higher ground, leaving a distance between them.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...You and Darrell make a romantic pair.

CAY
...We slept together once...to him, a few hours in the dark spelled love.

VIVIAN
...And for you?

CAY
(laughing)
Let's put it this way...I didn't get the brass ring.

VIVIAN
(using the light mood to probe)
...Where do you get that?

CAY
With a woman.

Vivian refuses to react; she continues on as Cay falls in behind her with an amused grin.

EXT. FARTHER ALONG LAKE

Vivian sits on a rock-ledge; Cay is in the background walking back towards her.

A few heavy raindrops plop down as Cay stops near Vivian and looks at her.

VIVIAN
...Do you find particular pleasure in trying to shock me?

CAY
...I was only telling you the truth.

VIVIAN
(as more rain falls)
...Have I mislead you?

CAY
(teasing)
...Not for a minute.

Pause.

VIVIAN
(ignoring the inference)
You've been a breath of fresh air, and you have my gratitude, but...

CAY
(interrupting)
...Quit pushing on an open door, Vivian.
(as she turns to walk off)
...There's no problem here.

The wind picks up and the raindrops increase; Vivian stands up and begins hurrying towards the car.

When she passes Cay, who's just ambling along and getting drenched, she doesn't look at her.

CAY (Cont'd)
(yelling out)
...And you know it!

Vivian looks back over her shoulder at Cay and then continues her dash to the car, which she reaches just as a torrential, electrical storm begins.

INT. CAR

Vivian leans across the front seat and turns on the ignition (which starts the radio playing) and the windshield wipers.

From her POV, through the swipes against the windshield, Cay appears up from the rise to stand in front of the car.

After a few beats she disappears from view and Vivian hears a knocking at her window. She waits five seconds and then rolls down the window a few inches to look out at Cay.

Cay brings her face to the open window and in a barely audible voice over the rain and radio, addresses Vivian.

CAY (Cont'd)
(mischievously)
...Roll it down some more.

Cay waits; Vivian thinks it over and, without looking at Cay, rolls the window halfway down.

Cay leans her dripping wet head through the open window and kisses Vivian's cheek, wetting her face with rain. Cay draws her head back out into the rain and waits. When Vivian doesn't respond, either to the kiss or to the rain that's pouring through the open window, Cay grins and leans back in, this time kissing Vivian's cheek but closer to her lips.

Again, Cay leans through the open window and just keeps her lips close to Vivian's.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Nobody's watching.

Vivian looks straight ahead.

CAY (Cont'd)
...We're uh...stranded.

Vivian turns to face Cay and, on impulse, presses her closed lips against Cay's.

CAY (Cont'd)
(as Vivian draws back)
...All alone...

Vivian turns back again to Cay; they look at each other for a long beat, until Vivian parts her lips for a passionate kiss; as the kiss deepens, Vivian twists her body around and reaches through the window to clutch Cay closer.

Vivian forces herself to let go and pull away.

INT. CAR

Cay gets into the driver's seat, turns off the ignition and the windshield wipers; she turns to Vivian, but Vivian doesn't look at her.

CAY (Cont'd)
...We don't have to stop.

VIVIAN
I do!

CAY
...Where'd you learn to kiss like that?

VIVIAN
...I don't know where that came from, but it's back where it belongs and I don't want it mentioned again.

Cay laughs and puts her head back, letting her hand drape casually across Vivian's leg; Vivian quickly removes it.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...Take me back.

CAY
(still laughing)
I can't see anything.

VIVIAN
I'll take my chances...drive.

Cay starts the car and looks over at Vivian before starting to drive.

CAY
...You're really gonna be on my mind, now.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY

With the headlights on, Cay inches the car through the downpour.

INT. CAR

Cay drives through the ranch gates; the rain has slowed to a drizzle. From Cay's POV, we see a MALE DRIVER sitting in a parked stationwagon with a roof logo: RIVERSIDE HOTEL.

As Cay pulls up to the house, Frances steps through the screen door, puts on a phony smile and folds her arms.

EXT. VERANDA

From Frances' POV, we see Cay and Vivian get out of the car; they're both sopping wet as they approach the steps.

FRANCES
(looking from one to the other with phony friendliness)
...Looks like you two got caught!

CAY
(as Vivian stands apprehensively)
We rode out to the lake after the party.

FRANCES
(staring at Vivian)
...Uh huh...

CAY
(looking over to the hotel stationwagon)
...Somebody checkin' in?

FRANCES
No, somebody's checkin' out!
(to Vivian)
I made a reservation at the Riverside. Your bags are in the car!

VIVIAN
You had no right to touch my things.

FRANCES
They were in my house!

CAY
Oh, for God's sake!

FRANCES
(coming down a few steps)
Don't you talk to me about God, girl!

Vivian lowers her head in humiliation; Cay and Frances glare at each other; the male driver gets out of the stationwagon and leans against the fender to light a cigarette.

CAY
I'll never forgive you for...

FRANCES
(interrupting)
I'll never forgive myself for
(gesturing towards
Vivian)
lettin' her come here with her
books and her influence over
my family!

CAY
(pointing a finger
at Frances)
Shut up, Frances! For once in
your life!

Jerry appears at an upstairs window to watch the scene; Lucille (in a bathrobe) and Bum are seen in the background watching from outside Bum's cottage.

Frances comes down to face Cay.

FRANCES
(hands on her hips)
I've had it! Bein' everybody's
comfort!

CAY
You're a lot of things, but you're
no comfort!

Walter appears at the screen door.

FRANCES
I was your father's comfort for
ten years!

CAY
(as Walter comes
through the screen
door)
Is that your fancy word for whore?

FRANCES
(wheeling around on
Walter)
...Get inside the house!

WALTER
Leave them alone. They haven't...

FRANCES
Now!

Walter opens the door and looks down at Vivian.

WALTER
I apologize for my mother.

Walter disappears into the house; Vivian looks away, too humiliated to move.

FRANCES
(back to Cay)
...I can't claim angel's wings,
but I am normal!

CAY
That won't get you into heaven!

FRANCES
(to Vivian)
...To think I was proud to call you
a friend!

Vivian looks straight at Frances and speaks in a low voice.

VIVIAN
...May I tell you...the betrayal
is mutual.

Vivian turns and starts for the stationwagon.

CAY
(yelling to Lucille
and Bum)
You keep standin' there, you're
gonna be part of the show!

Lucille and Bum disappear into the cottage. Frances stands with her arms folded watching as Cay follows after Vivian.

CAY (Cont'd)
(grabbing Vivian's arm)
I'm comin' with you.

VIVIAN
(in an urgent whisper)
Let me be alone.

Cay lets go of Vivian and starts marching back past Frances as Vivian gets into the car.

FRANCES
(as Cay passes on her way to the cottage)
...You owe me! Or are you forgettin' who took you in when nobody'd have you?

CAY
(turning back to Frances)
I don't want to owe my life to you, Frances! I just want to live it!

Cay turns and starts walking; the stationwagon turns slowly on the gravel and rides past Frances.

FRANCES
(yelling to Cay's back)
...You know where the door is!

Cay answers as she keeps walking and throws up her hands.

CAY
At fucking last!

INT. STATIONWAGON

From Vivian's POV in the back seat, we see the driver staring at her with an amused expression through the rearview mirror.

From the driver's POV, in the mirror, we see Vivian staring straight back at him; it makes him look away as he pulls onto the road.

INT. VIVIAN'S HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM

A CLOSEUP of Vivian as she stands under the shower, letting the water hit her face.

She turns off the water and stands there with her eyes closed; when she opens them it's to stare at the white tiled wall in front of her.

INT. NIGHT - CASINO

From Silver's POV on the ramp, we see Cay working the floor; Silver is busy but keeps an eye on Cay, who moves around in a distracted, remote way.

A CLOSEUP of Cay, wandering down an aisle of slots. When someone calls out for change, she doesn't hear; the annoyed GAMBLER comes up behind and taps her on the shoulder for his change.

A CLOSEUP of a YOUNG MAN, standing at one of the slots and watching Cay's movements. When he notices her distraction, he leaves his slot and walks down the aisle to an OLDER MAN at another slot near Cay. They begin shoving each other and cursing over whose slot it is. Cay hears them and rushes over, using her pent-up frustration to wedge them apart.

A CLOSEUP of a THIRD MAN, wearing a Mape's maintenance jumpsuit. He quickly pushes a hand-dolly to a corner slot near the door and loads it on as the tussle between Cay and the TWO MEN draws attention.

The third man wheels the slot out the door as Darrell and TWO SECURITY GUARDS rush over to help Cay.

As the men are hurried across the floor, Darrel stands over Cay, who's gathering her lost change from the floor.

DARRELL
That's the Key Man's job, not yours!

Cay stands up, ready to take Darrell's admonishment, when an OS VOICE yells out.

VOICE
...Darrell!

From Darrell's POV, se see the KEY MAN motion towards the empty space.

DARRELL
(with disgust as Cay stands)
...You were set up! You either get your ass in gear or get off the floor!

Darrell walks off; everyone's attention turns to the corner of the casino and the stolen slot; Joyce comes up behind Cay.

JOYCE
...I hate it when he talks that way!

CAY
(turning to go)
I'll live.

JOYCE
(as Cay walks away)
Are women as much handfulls as men?

CAY
(looking back)
...Depends on what you're holdin'.

Joyce giggles as Cay goes down the aisle.

INT. MORNING - VIVIAN'S HOTEL ROOM

Vivian enters, carrying a bag; she takes out containers of milk, juice and a package of cheese and puts them in the tiny refrigerator; she puts a box of crackers and a box of tea bags on the counter and puts a kettle of water on to boil.

Taking several postcards from her purse, she goes to a table by the window and sits down. From her POV, we see her write:

Dear Gail and David,

Vivian's pen is poised to continue, but she stares down at the card unable to think of anything to say. After a few beats, she gets up impatiently to pace, returns to the table, sits down and tries again to fill out the card; she can't. She lets the pen drop to the table, gets up and walks to a window; from her POV, below and across the street, we see the Mape's.

Vivian stares at the casino entrance, watching PEOPLE enter and leave.

She turns her head away from the window and closes her eyes.

VIVIAN
(whispering)
...Stop it!

She goes abruptly back to the table and picks up a new card; from her POV, we see her write:

Dear Helene,

When she fails to come up with anything to say, Vivian grabs a blank piece of paper and writes:

Dear Cay,

She crosses out the "dear", sits there for a few beats and then tosses the pen across the table.

The water begins boiling; Vivian goes to the hot plate and stands silently over the whistling kettle.

EXT. NIGHT - NEAR RIVERSIDE HOTEL

Cay, in her work clothes, stands across the street from the RIVERSIDE HOTEL. She leans up against the wall and stares up at several still-lit rooms, not knowing which is Vivian's.

INT. NIGHT - VIVIAN'S ROOM

Vivian is in bed, trying unsuccessfully to read. When the phone rings, she drops her book and grabs for the phone.

VIVIAN
(excited and apprehensive)
...Hello?
(her face drops)
It's rather late to be calling, Mr. Warner.
(after listening)
...There was a misunderstanding.
(quickly)
I wonder if we could speak in the morning? ...Yes, I'll be here all day... Good... I'm fine... Good night.

Vivian puts down the receiver, lies back on the bed and lights a cigarette.

INT. MORNING - VIVIAN'S HOTEL BATHROOM

Vivian sits in her bathrobe on the edge of the tub, drinking a cup of tea and staring out through the slightly opened bathroom window. OS, we hear a knock at the door. Vivian is startled she turns toward the knocking but doesn't move. OS, we hear a louder knock; Vivian goes to the door.

VIVIAN
...Who is it?

CAY'S OS VOICE
Someone who's been waiting in the lobby half the morning for the nerve to knock.

VIVIAN
...I can't see you, Cay.

CAY
Try openin' the door...that usually works.

VIVIAN
What do you want?

CAY
(off-handedly)
Wanna talk?

VIVIAN
There's no purpose in talking.

Cay pounds her fist in frustration against the door, which flinches Vivian back.

CAY
(after she bangs the door)
...Okay...

Silence.

CAY (Cont'd)
...I brought you a present... I'll leave it out here.

Vivian steps back to the door.

VIVIAN
...How are you?

There's no answer from Cay.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...Are you there?

Still no answer; Vivian takes a few beats and then opens the door to see Cay leaning against the opposite wall.

CAY
(answering as she enters the room)
...I'm fine, thank you.

Vivian closes the door; Cay unwraps the package, taking out one of her ceramic vases and placing it on the windowsill.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Thought this would dress up the room a bit.
(turning to Vivian, with a grin)
Hang onto it...I might be famous one day.

Cay drops her casual attitude.

CAY (Cont'd)
...I miss you...

Vivian drops her head and sighs.

CAY (Cont'd)
...There's nothin' else I do but miss you.

Vivian walks to the easy chair and perches on the arm. Cay stands in the middle of the floor, prepared for Vivian's speech.

VIVIAN
...All right, Cay...we'll talk.

Cay wanders over to the table to glance at the names of Vivian's books; Vivian stares down at the floor for a way to begin talking.

CAY
...You start...

VIVIAN
(taking a deep breath and jumping in)
...You kissed me.

CAY
(turning around to interrupt)
And you kissed me.

VIVIAN
(conceding)
...And I kissed you.
(in disbelief at herself)
...I can't believe what I'm saying.

Cay wanders back to the middle of the floor and looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...You see, I enjoy order. Not that we don't all have the capacity for...disorder.

CAY
Is kissing a disorder?

VIVIAN
(defensively)
You know perfectly well that...

CAY
(interrupting)
Hey! I just asked!

VIVIAN
...What happened between us was... innocent more than anything else.

CAY
And friendly...don't forget that one.

VIVIAN
(more in control)
...I was hoping for a more mature conversation.

CAY
So far, we've talked about...
(counting off on her fingers)
Order, disorder, who kissed who and what the hell does it matter anyway...it was all so innocent and friendly!

Vivian gets to her feet and they face each other.

VIVIAN
Then I'll get to the damn point!

With that, Cay drops down onto the bed; she dangles her legs over the edge and leans back on her elbows. Vivian grows agitated; she stands over Cay with her hands jammed in her robe pockets.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
(clearly enunciating her words)
...I am a respected scholar! I was married for many years to a respected scholar.

When Vivian sees Cay beginning to grin, she picks up steam.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...And for a moment's indiscretion! A fleeting lapse in judgement! I stood there in the rain and allowed
(MORE)

(MORE)

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
Frances Dewitt, a figure bearing not the slightest resemblance to anyone in my entire life's experience, to humiliate us as though we were a pair of delinquents!

CAY
...You shoulda told her off.

Vivian continues speaking as she whips around the corner to fix herself a drink in the tiny kitchen.

VIVIAN
(angrily, as she goes)
I'm not in the habit of raising my voice -

INT. HOTEL ROOM - KITCHEN AREA

Vivian continues speaking as she opens the refrigerator to get out ice cubes and then slams it shut to begin fixing her drink.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
- over false issues! When I retire, I'll simply write a short story for my revenge... About this place and these people...these gamblers! The only clear memeory I have is of arriving...the rest is a blur! An absolute blur...

Vivian takes a slug of her drink and a few beats to calm down before walking back into the room. From her POV, we see Cay lying nude in the bed, a sheet pulled up to her waist, slow grin on her face.

Vivian no sooner sees Cay then spins around and goes back into the kitchen.

A CLOSEUP of Vivian, standing in the kitchen area; she takes a fast sip of her drink and then marches back into the room. She goes to the windcws and quickly pulls closed the heavy drapes, which darkens the room more than she expected. She just as quickly pulls them open again, murmuring under her breath as Cay laughs in the background.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...Oh, Christ...
(turning to Cay)
...What do you think you're doing?

CAY
...Waiting for you...

Vivian starts to say something but doesn't. She picks up Cay's clothes from the floor and holds them as she speaks.

VIVIAN
...I want you to put on your clothes and leave.

CAY
No, you don't.

VIVIAN
Yes, I do.

CAY
(grinning)
No...you don't.

Still holding Cay's clothes, Vivian sits down in the easy chair. She looks around the room, takes a sip of her drink and then lets Cay's clothes fall to the floor.

VIVIAN
(staring into her drink)
...I wouldn't know what to do.

CAY
Well, the first thing is to put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door.

Silence.

Cay slides down on the bed, turns on her side and props up on one elbow to watch Vivian. After a few more beats, Vivian takes another sip of her drink, sets it down on the table beside her chair and gives a small laugh to herself before looking over at Cay. Cay moves her leg back and forth slowly under the sheet; Vivian looks down and takes a few beats to smooth the robe across her thigh.

The only sound in the room is of the slightly rustling sheet. Vivian slowly gets up and walks out of the room. From Cay's POV, we see Vivian disappear around the corner and hear the OS sound of the door opening and Vivian putting the sign on before closing it. Cay remains with her head propped in her hand as Vivian comes slowly back into the room to stand at the foot of the bed.

When she speaks it's with an attempt at humor, but her voice and expression don't carry it off.

VIVIAN
(putting her hands in her pockets)
...That part went smoothly.

CAY
(languidly)
...Take your hands out of your pockets and c'mere...

Cay doesn't take her eyes from Vivian, who waits and then takes her hands from her pockets and walks around the side of the bed to sit beside Cay.

VIVIAN
(as she walks around to sit)
...I'm not taking off my robe.

Vivian looks down to avert Cay's grin.

CAY
...Everybody draws the line somewhere....

Without lifting her head, Cay turns her eyes to Vivian; she waits a few beats and then sits up, bringing her face to face with Vivian.

Vivian hesitates until she realizes there's no turning back from this moment on. The CAMERA is behind her, facing Cay; she leans across the few inches that separate them and kisses Cay's shoulder. She pulls back to look at Cay and tries to keep the excitement out of her voice.

VIVIAN
...I don't usually feel this way at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Cay grins and takes hold of Vivian's robe lapels.

Vivian (Cont'd)
(under her breath)
...Who am I kidding? I've never felt this way at all.

CAY
(tightening her grip)
...I want your heart against me.

The CAMERA is behind Vivian; we see the back of her head and Cay's face. Cay puts her arms around Vivian's neck and draws her close. They hold each other for a long beat. Vivian reaches down to undo her robe sash; Cay moves back just enough to let her; Vivian pulls her robe open and they press their bodies together. When their nude torsos touch, Vivian lets out an appreciative, passionate murmur.

Vivian takes Cay's wrists and presses her cheeks and breasts against them. She leans further down and kisses Cay's shoulder, chest and both nipples; Cay turns her head to one side and lets out a pleasurable moan as Vivian releases her hands and brings her face close to Cay's.

VIVIAN
(to Cay's closed eyes)
...Did I hurt you?

Cay opens her eyes and turns to Vivian with a little laugh.

CAY
...Nothing you do could hurt me...

Vivian's body slides on top of Cay's.

VIVIAN
...You'll be pleased to know
...words fail me.

They take a beat to look at each other and get hot; they kiss and kiss again until it's too much for Vivian. She braces her hands on either side of Cay and lifts the top of her body away from Cay.

The CAMERA stays on Vivian's profile that's somewhat hidden by strands of hair.

CAY (OS)
...You give yourself away without them.

INT. VIVIAN'S HOTEL ROOM

A MEDIUM CLOSEUP of Cay sitting in the easy chair with the sun setting through the windows behind her.

Her face and hair are damp with perspiration and she's wearing Vivian's unbuttoned shirt. She stares across the room with an intense, half-grinning expression.

OS, we hear the sound of the running shower.

Cay drops her head back and turns her gaze towards the bathroom.

CAY
(her chest heaving)
...There goes the hot water...

Cay drops her head back, closes her eyes and opens her mouth to let out a short, quick breath of excitement.

CAY (Cont'd)
...This time...
(in an excited, half-whisper)
...It's your fault.

Cay's shoulders tense as her hands clutch the arms of the chair. Her body shudders as she drops forward and pulls Vivian up into the chair with her.

Vivian is nude and covered with a sheen of perspiration; Cay opens her eyes and wraps her legs around Vivian to keep them both on the chair.

While Cay catches her breath, Vivian speaks.

VIVIAN
(feeling her own excitement)
...It's your fault for sitting down in such a novel fashion.

CAY
I was weak.

They look at each other with weary contentment.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Vivian...we've got to get out of here for awhile... Y' know? Stand up...walk.

VIVIAN
(putting her hand to Cay's face)
...I adore you for this.

CAY
(pretending not to have heard)
...Have a Coke...window shop.

When Vivian seems to become aroused again, Cay playfully inches her fingers up to a middle button and slowly begins to button her shirt. Vivian begins kissing Cay through the shirt until Cay get hot again and unbuttons it. They wrap around each other as Vivian kisses Cay's forehead, cheeks, nose and eyes.

INT. NIGHT - ROADSIDE RESTAURANT

Cay and Vivian sit in a corner booth having dinner. Vivian lays down her fork and stares at the table.

CAY
...Feelin' a little sorry, Viv?

VIVIAN
(looking at Cay)
I could give up everything if I knew this would last.

CAY
Your life's not here,..it's back there.

VIVIAN
Nothing like that's ever happened before...not to me.

CAY
...I see tears.

VIVIAN
I'm happy.

They grin at each other.

CAY
...Leave it to me to pick a professor.

VIVIAN
...My claws come out when I need them.

CAY
Is that so?

VIVIAN
Becoming a professor isn't exactly a piece of cake for a woman.

CAY
I wish I had something to give up.

They look at each other; Vivian slides her hand from the table and squeezes Cay's leg.

VIVIAN
...That night you came into the dining room in your red get-up... I wanted to stand up and put my arms around you...around everything you were.

CAY
(in a low, deadpan voice)
...Will you do something for me?

VIVIAN
What, darling?

CAY
...Put your hand back on the table, 'fore I keel over in the vegetables.

They both laugh as Vivian reluctantly takes her hand back. A WAITRESS appears and hurriedly sets down two drinks.

WAITRESS
...Compliments of the boys down front!

As the waitress hurries off, we see from Cay's and Vivian's POV, THREE MEN waving and smiling from a front table.

VIVIAN
(getting her purse)
Let's leave!

CAY
Have a sense of humor, honey

VIVIAN
(motioning to the waitress)
Check, please!

CAY
(as Vivian stands up)
Sit down and have some dessert.

VIVIAN
We'll order dessert from room service.

Cay sits there in humorous frustation as Vivian puts a bill on the check and starts for the door.

Cay gets up reluctantly, picks up the drinks and walks down to the men's table.

CAY
(setting down the drinks)
...Keep 'em boys...the night's young!

The men cackle as Cay pulls the earlobe of one of the men as she heads for the door.

EXT. NIGHT - RESTAURANT PARKING AREA

Cay walks towards the car where Vivian sits and waits impatiently.

INT. CAR

Cay gets into the driver's seat, but doesn't turn on the ignition. She taps the steering wheel and waits to see what Vivian has to say.

VIVIAN
...You spoke to them, didn't you?

CAY
(teasingly offended)
Would I be that immature?

Cay laughs; Vivian makes a face at Cay's putting her on.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Look, I'm used to this...

VIVIAN
(cutting her off)
I'm not! I've earned my respect!

CAY
(under her breath)
School's out. Don't start a lecture.

VIVIAN
What did you say?

Cay turns down the window. Vivian pulls at Cay's shirt.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
I'm talking to you!

Cay speaks as she turns around and pushes Vivian's hand away from her shirt.

CAY
You're just visiting the way I live! And it would suit you fine to hide away in that hotel room until your train leaves!

Vivian twists around and looks as though she's going to slap Cay; a COUPLE walk past their car, glancing back as they continue across the lot to their car. Cay and Vivian stay silent until the couple disappear.

VIVIAN
Oh, by all means! Let's hire a float!

Cay slams the key into the ignition and starts the car.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
You're insistent upon everyone perceiving things as you do.

Cay whips around to look at Vivian as the engine dies.

CAY
Oh, sure. I'm makin' real headway in that department!

VIVIAN
(ignoring Cay)
...No confusion...no fear...so self-assured.

CAY
(yelling)
I don't act that way to change the world! I act that way so the goddamn world won't change me!

VIVIAN
(yelling back)
Lower your voice!

CAY
Why? Is it a false issue?

VIVIAN
Isn't there a way to make this easier?

Cay opens the car door and gets out. She slams it shut as Vivian turns to look at her.

CAY
You take the car! I'll walk!
And that's as easy as it gets.

They glare at each other. With set determination, Vivian pulls herself into the driver's seat just as a car full of PEOPLE pull into a spot nearby.

Vivian is bursting to say something but sits silently; Cay puts her hands on her hips and with a defensive grin, tracks the people as they get out of the car, glancing over on their way inside.

VIVIAN
(after they go)
...Does it have to unravel this quickly?

CAY
...It comes with the territory.

Vivian revives her rage; she pulls up the emergency brake and gets out of the car.

VIVIAN
(as she walks quickly past Cay)
...I'll walk!

Vivian marches toward the road. Cay watches her and laughs.

CAY
...It's twelve miles, Vivian.

VIVIAN
(calling out without turning)
Good! Maybe it will wake me up!

When Vivian disappears onto the dark road, Cay gets in the car and swings out to the road, picking up Vivian in the car's headlights. Cay inches the car alongside Vivian as she walks along.

CAY
(leaning toward the passenger window)
...If you see a rattler come out onto the shoulder, get a stick or a stone and...

Before Cay can continue, Vivian pulls open the door and jumps in the car. She folds her arms in anger as Cay laughs and speeds off.

INT. NIGHT - VIVIAN'S HOTEL ROOM

The only light comes from the blinking neon sign outside the windows. Cay sits cross-legged on a wide sill in front of the windows, a throw blanket wrapped around her nude body, as she stares down at the Strip.

OS, we hear Vivian turn out the bathroom light and get into bed.

VIVIAN (OS)
...Come to bed.

CAY
(staring out the window)
Even if I don't want to?

VIVIAN
Yes...

CAY
(smiling to herself)
...I'm not in the mood to do you a favor.

VIVIAN
And I'm not in the mood for wisecracks, so why can't you be honest?

CAY
(looking over her shoulder at Vivian)
Maybe I'm in love!...I feel wide open...and scared. Is that honest enough?

Cay turns back to look out the window. OS, we hear Vivian slip out of bed; she comes up nude behind Cay and sits down on the edge of the sill facing Cay's back.

CAY (Cont'd)
(lightly, to cover her embarrassment)
...I waste my time waiting to be with you, then when I am with you I want to get away so I can figure out what to do better the next time I'm with you.
(shaking her head with a smile)
That sounds as mixed up as I am.

Vivian takes the blanket from Cay's shoulders and looks at her bare back in the neon light.

VIVIAN
...I'm here, Cay.

Cay gives a little shrug and toss of her head. Vivian kisses Cay's back and then wraps her arms around Cay's shoulders, pressing her body into Cay's.

CAY
...You'll never need me like
I need you.

Vivian takes her arms away, stands up and takes Cay by the hand.

VIVIAN
...That's not true.

A CLOSEUP of Cay's face as Vivian pulls her off the windowsill.

Cay disappears OS; the CAMERA stays on the neon lights as we hear Cay and Vivian slide onto the bed.

EXT. DAY - CHURCH STEPS

Frances, all decked out and wearing a corsage, hurries up the church steps with Walter, grim-faced in his ill-fitting suit.

INT. CHURCH ENTRYWAY

Frances and Walter come through the open doors to see Silver and Cay standing together against a wall. Silver seems out of it as she bites her lip and stares through the open doors.

She is dressed in her wedding outfit: tight, bodice-draped, ankle-length dress with matching wraparound turban and high, high heels; she holds a Bible and bouquet.

Cay is dressed as Maid-of-Honor. A sexy, rose-colored silk dress and high heels; she holds a spray of baby roses, several of which she's tucked in her hair.

While Frances addresses Silver, Walter and Cay look at each other for a beat and then embrace in affectionate reunion.

FRANCES
(in an urgent whispter)
...Honey, Walter couldn't find his
tie...

(MORE)

(MORE)

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(Silver isn't listening as Frances taps her on the arm)
You look gorgeous! But I don't envy you havin' to walk down that long, long aisle.

With that, Frances turns for a brief look at Cay and takes Walter's arm to go inside. Silver looks over at Cay and puts her eyes up in her head.

INT. CHURCH

Frances, followed by Walter, parades down the aisle to get a front row pew.

The CAMERA pans to show Silver's and Joe's sides of the aisles.

Silver's side: lots of kibbutzing and chatter between casino EMPLOYEES, most are in their work clothes, and others, including Frances, Walter, Joyce, in a swirl of taffeta, her arm hooked through Darrell's as she keeps glancing up the aisle waiting to glimpse Cay.

Joe's side: Mostly FAMILY MEMBERS, dark Italians less than thrilled with Joe's choice and making comments between themselves concerning the GUESTS across the aisle. Several of Joe's MALE FRIENDS sit unconcerned, either reading the sports page or staring straight ahead.

The ORGANIST ends the song; everyone begins whispering in anticipation.

Walter turns around to see Vivian, sitting alone in the last pew. He hesitates a few beats, glances at Frances, who hasn't yet seen Vivian, and then gets up quickly.

From Frances' POV, we watch Walter slide in next to Vivian. A CLOSEUP of Walter sitting next to Vivian.

VIVIAN
...Thank you, Walter...

WALTER
(blushing and clearing his throat)
...I wanted to say more the other day, but I didn't know what to say.

VIVIAN
Friends often don't.

A MEDIUM SHOT of a side door opening near the altar; a MINISTER comes out, followed by Joe and his BEST MAN, a hefty, bouncer type. They're both wearing lime green tuxedoes and white shoes. Joe is nervous as he blows out the smoke from his OS last cigarette drag.

Both MEN stand before the minister as the organist begins playing the WEDDING MARCH.

A CLOSEUP of Silver, who's been peeking into the church. When everyone turns their attention up the aisle, she ducks back and speaks to Cay in a panic.

SILVER
...This is not a great idea.

CAY
(soothingly)
...Want him to play something else, Sil?

Silver lolls her head from side to side.

SILVER
...You hooked on Vivian enough to follow after her?

CAY
...Yeah...but I won't.

SILVER
...Promise?

CAY
(smiling)
It's your day for promises.

Several EMPLOYEES begin calling out for Silver to make an appearance as the organist begins playing louder. The Best Man comes into the entry-way, all hands and gestures as he goes to them.

BEST MAN
...Hey? What are you? Deaf? That's HERE COMES THE BRIDE. You're the bride. Let's go!

Silver doesn't move; the Best Man takes her by the arm and lines up behind Cay, giving her a little shove to begin moving forward.

CAY
(over her shoulder to Silver)
...It'll be over in five minutes, Sil.

SILVER
My tranq's wearin' off...

Cay pauses at the top of the aisle and turns once more to Silver, who stands at attention in the Best Man's grip.

CAY
...I love you.

SILVER
(like a child)
...Thanks.

The Best Man gives Cay another poke; she turns around and starts down the aisle; she turns to look for Vivian and when she sees her sitting with Walter, she smiles and then continues down the aisle. When Cay passes Darrell, who's sitting on the aisle, he reaches out to brush his fingers against her dress; she smiles at him which makes Joyce begin fanning herself with a hankie.

The CAMERA TRACKS SILVER coming down the aisle; when several EMPLOYEES murmur compliments, she relaxes for a beat and calls out soft thanks.

She turns to Joe's side of the aisle and puts on a wide, phony smile which is returned by a few of them, not including JOE'S MOTHER.

Cay reaches the altar to see Joe looking terrified; she leans over and kisses him as the Best Man brings Silver to the altar; they all turn to face the minister as the irate organist gratefully stops playing.

As the minister begins the ceremony, Silver's eyes flutter in the start of a faint; the Best Man steps over, wraps his arm around her waist and literally holds her up.

EXT. DAY - OUTSIDE CHURCH

Everyone is waiting on the steps for Joe and Silver; a convertible is parked by the curb.

They come out of the church to the cheers of well-wishers. Frances and Vivian stand at opposite sides of the steps, each alone and somewhat apart from the others.

Cay, Walter and GUESTS rush down the steps to the convertible; Silver pauses, turns and goes over to Vivian as Joe continues down.

SILVER
(proudly)
Did you see me faint?

VIVIAN
(laughing)
I cried all the way through.

Silver hugs Vivian and speaks over everyone shouting for her to come down.

SILVER
It was real nice of you to come...
(Silver pulls back to look at Vivian)
...Cay's the best... Y'know?

Vivian nods; Joe blows the horn; Silver starts down the steps, stops, turns and quickly tosses her bouquet to a surprised Frances.

SILVER (Cont'd)
...Don't say I never gave you anything!

Silver goes down the steps; she makes a beeline for Cay as cameras click away and Joe starts the engine. Cay and Silver don't speak as they squeeze each other and Silver lifts Cay off the ground; when she puts her down, Silver has tears in her eyes; she rushes around to the passenger's seat and jumps in.

Everyone's yelling and throwing confetti as the convertible pulls away.

Darrell stands in the middle of the pavement staring at Cay, who's saying something to Walter; Joyce hooks her arm through his and they start walking down the street.

Walter dashes across the street to the park. At the curb he jumps into a car with several TEENAGERS and takes off. Frances, holding the bouquet looks across at Vivian, who waits to see if she'll speak.

Frances goes to the edge of the steps, turns and looks at Vivian.

FRANCES
...Too bad things didn't work out different.

When it seems that Vivian is coming over, she goes down the steps.

Cay looks up and signals to Vivian that she'll be back in five minutes and motions towards Frances who's turned down a side street.

EXT. DESERTED STREET

Cay follows Frances down the deserted street to where the stationwagon is parked.

Frances, holding the bouquet with tears in her eyes, turns to see Cay behind her.

Frances continues to the stationwagon where she tosses the bouquet into the back seat and opens the driver's door to lean on it as Cay approaches.

FRANCES
...Truth is, you don't owe me one damn thing...I've got nothin' to hold on to you with anymore.

CAY
...Hallelujah...

Frances mistakes Cay's hopeful meaning, thinking it's intended to insult her. She opens the door more and starts to get in - but Cay blocks her way.

CAY (Cont'd)
...I love you, Frances.

Frances turns away; her edge is gone as she lets the tears fall.

FRANCES
...Oh, poosh, what's that got to do with the price of apples...

CAY
And you love me.

FRANCES
(looking at Cay)
...I'll never accept what you do.

CAY
I know.

FRANCES
I just don't understand it...
(as Cay stares at her calmly)
...Women together.

CAY
(a small gesture towards her heart)
Well...she just reached in...

They stare at each other.

FRANCES
...You movin' out?

CAY
...Yeah.

With that, Frances starts to get into the car; Cay puts her hands on Frances to stop her.

FRANCES
...Don't keep her waitin'.

Cay clutches Frances so that she can't get away.

CAY
...Be happy for somebody once in your life.

It's the way Cay says it that makes Frances unable to say anything; she goes through several expressions until she realizes that she doesn't really know how to be happy for anyone. Cay holds onto Frances until she dissolves into tears and drops her head onto Cay's shoulder.

After a few beats, she collects herself and gives Cay a playful shove off as she wipes her face.

FRANCES
...Standin' in the middle of the street... Next thing, they'll be talkin' about me!

Cay laughs as Frances gets into the stationwagon. She starts the motor and puts on a cheery attitude.

FRANCES (Cont'd)
(looking up at Cay)
...Is that it, then?

CAY
(grinning)
I've known you longer than anyone in my life...

FRANCES
Meanin'?

CAY
That it'll never be it!

Frances, as is her custom, leans her elbow on the window frame and puts her hand on top of the car. Just as she begins pulling away, Cay puts her hand over Frances', letting it drop away as the car takes off.

Cay stands in the middle of the narrow street, knowing that Frances is watching in the rearview mirror.

INT. DAY - CROWDED COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR

CLIENTS, WITNESSES and ATTORNEYS sit on benches and stand on the marble floor waiting for their hearings which are posted on a list outside the courtroom.

Cay and Vivian come through the courtroom doors, making their way through the OTHERS to go down a wide, spiral staircase to the courthouse lobby.

Vivian looks anxious; Cay recognizes a few PEOPLE and acknowledges them as she and Vivian start down the stairs.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

Cay and Vivian stand at the top of the steps as PEOPLE enter and exit; Art Warner comes through the doors holding his briefcase and a manila envelope.

He approaches Vivian with a little chivalrous bow and speaks as he hands her the envelope.

ART
...Vivian...congratulations.

Vivian opens the envelope and half pulls out the decree.

ART (Cont'd)
...You can head back to New York City a free woman!
(jokingly, with a wink at Cay)
'Less some fella stole your heart here!

Art laughs and slaps Vivian on the shoulder; Cay turns and goes down the steps.

ART (Cont'd)
(after she goes)
...How 'bout a drink to celebrate?

VIVIAN
(cooly)
I'd love one, but Cay and I have...

ART
(cutting her off)
Oh, I think I understand.

They look at each other; Art extends his hand and speaks as he pumps away.

ART (Cont'd)
...You look different...and I see you got yourself a new pen pal, huh?

VIVIAN
Oh, I've got much more than that, Mr. Warner.

ART
...Well...good luck to ya!

Vivian answers as she withdraws her hand from his.

VIVIAN
...Thank you...I'm fine.

From Art's POV, we watch Vivian go down the steps and catch up with Cay; they cross the street and stand by the bridge, oblivious to PASSERSBY.

EXT. STREET

CAY
...Could I talk you into staying one more day?

VIVIAN
...Yes.

CAY
Do you want me to?

VIVIAN
...No.

Cay takes a deep breath and blows it out in frustration.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...I'll come back, that's all.

CAY
(quickly)
When?

VIVIAN
...I'm going to Canada for Thanksgiving...I want to see my parents...

Vivian looks around and finally shrugs in frustration.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
...Christmas?

CAY
(in a dismissive whisper)
Christmas...

VIVIAN
Four months.

CAY
In four months, the memory'll be more important than we are.

Cay turns and starts towards the curb.

VIVIAN
I don't know what you want!

CAY
(turning around, raising her voice)
It's you I want!

Several PASSERSBY stare at Cay, who stares back in an exaggerated manner until they look away. She starts across the street with Vivian following behind.

EXT. PAVEMENT OUTSIDE RIVERSIDE HOTEL

VIVIAN
...Come up with me.

CAY
I'll be at the station to say goodbye.

VIVIAN
Can we have dinner?

CAY
No.

VIVIAN
Why?

CAY
Because bein' with you is startin' to hurt.

VIVIAN
(so as not to be overheard)
Don't punish me. I want to hold you.

CAY
I'm not goin' to your room!

Vivian looks around in embarrassment.

VIVIAN
(back to Cay)
...Then come into the ladies' room.

Cay looks away, disgusted at the situation; Vivian regrets the offer.

VIVIAN (Cont'd)
I wanted to be alone when we said goodbye.

CAY
(to Vivian)
We've been saying goodbye from the beginning.

They look at each other, not knowing what else to say. Cay puts on a light attitude, rests her hand on Vivian's shoulder and then steps back to put her hands on her hips.

CAY (Cont'd)
...I gotta go.

VIVIAN
...All right...

From Vivian's POV, as she stands on the pavement, we watch Cay bounce across the street, wave at someone she knows in a passing car and disappear into the Mape's.

A CLOSEUP of Vivian starting to cry as she turns and enters the hotel's lobby.

INT. DAWN - VIVIAN'S HOTEL ROOM

The morning light awakens VIVIAN, who's fallen asleep in her clothes on the easy chair. She opens her eyes and stares through the window with a drawn, resigned expression.

INT. DAY - TRAIN STATION WAITING ROOM

Amid the bustle and activity, CAY and VIVIAN sit on one of the benches, opening coffee containers. VIVIAN is wearing the same outfit she arrived in, but her formal demeanor is gone. CAY drops about eight cubes of sugar into her coffee.

VIVIAN
...You use too much sugar.

CAY
I don't stir it.

VIVIAN stares at CAY; CAY breaks into a big smile.

VIVIAN
...Why are you smiling?

CAY
I've never seen you look so beat.

VIVIAN leans back against the bench with an impatient look away. She speaks as CAY sips her coffee.

VIVIAN
...Are you ready to tell me why we can't at least visit each other?

CAY
...Yeah...'cause I'm not interested in spendin' the holidays together... with the blinds down.

VIVIAN
...I could slap you for that.

CAY
Not to mention what in hell I'd find in common to talk to <u>your</u> friends about.

VIVIAN
You'd manage...I got through an hour with...
(incredulously)
GWEN.

With that, Cay gets up. Vivian watches as Cay ambles down the aisle and comes back up the next one to sit down on the bench behind Vivian. The backs of their heads are facing; Cay slides down a bit on the bench and address Vivian's profile.

CAY
...I got a card from Silver.

VIVIAN
(without turning around)
How are they?

CAY
(grinning)
Ain't all honeymoon cards the same?
(by rote)
...Incredibly divine...just like a movie set...we're never comin' back...

Vivian smiles; Cay leans her elbow on the crack between the benches and puts her chin in her hand.

CAY (Cont'd)
(intimately)
...I won't regret anything I've said until that train pulls out, Viv.

Vivian stares straight ahead. Cay lets her hand drop to the bench behind Vivian's neck and lays her fingers inside Vivian's dress collar.

CAY (Cont'd)
...Just take the best part with you... Okay?

Vivian nods but can't turn around; it would hurt too much to look at Cay.

Through the waiting room windows, we see the train chug into the station.

A CLOSEUP of Vivian's face. The train is behind her. As the sound grows louder, she closes her eyes, knowing it's time to leave.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM

Cay and Vivian pass by others to walk to the end of the platform to stand by the last open train door.

At times they strain to hear each other over the noise. CLOSEUP of Cay and Vivian. The train is in the background.

VIVIAN
...Take good care of my boots.
(trying to stay light)
...And ask Walter to write.
(vigorously)
...keep in touch... This isn't goodbye, Cay.

CAY
(throwing back her head and laughing)
Fooled me... There I go again.

Vivian looks at Cay's smile, the sun on her face and hair and is so overwhelmed by feeling that she throws her arms around Cay's shoulder and smothers her in an awkward embrace.

VIVIAN
...I can't say what I'm feeling.

CAY
This is the second time you've been at a loss for words.

Vivian closes her eyes for a beat, remembering the scene in the hotel room.

VIVIAN
(opening her eyes)
I don't want to lose you.

The train moves forward a few inches, but they keep on looking at each other.

CAY
Stay another day.

VIVIAN
I couldn't say goodbye again.

Their voices become more urgent as the train pulls away in slow motion.

VIVIAN
...Ride with me to the next stop.

CAY
That's forty minutes away, Viv.

VIVIAN
...Stop looking at me.

CAY
...Please don't go.

VIVIAN
(ignoring the train pulling out)
...I have to be on this train.
(as the train leaves the platform)
...I've now missed the train.

Cay laughs as the CAMERA PULLS BACK and TILTS UP so that Cay and Vivian are small in the LOWER RIGHTHAND CORNER of the screen. The TITLES being to roll.

CAY
...Maybe we're not finished yet.

VIVIAN
(good-naturedly)
What gave you the first clue?

CAY
(watching the train disappear)
...We're gonna have to figure a way to get your luggage.

VIVIAN
Oh, we have a bit more than that detail to figure out.

They both laugh; the MUSIC COME UP as they FADE OUT and the TITLES continue.

* * *

THE END